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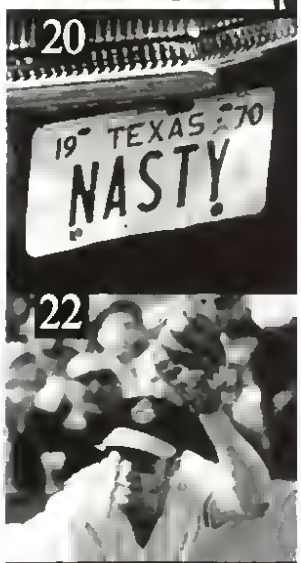
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Next week

THE ROAD BACK for Muhammad Ali begins with a 15-rounder in Atlanta against Jerry Quarry; the next planned step is a title match with Joe Frazier. Mark Kram reports.

MAXI FOOTBALL can be played by mini colleges that is a claim often made by frantic fans of small schools. Pat Putnam goes exploring to see how good it is, and who's best.

BORED WITH watching traditional tennis? Do you doze while viewing a match on TV? Well, Dick Miles has some new—and revolutionary—ideas that will change all that.

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Of these 5 leading pipe tobaccos, only 1 makes a terrible cigarette.

— *Sir Walter Raleigh*

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BOOKTALK

Tha troubla with Shainbarg'a novel is just that Portnoy never played baekatball

No matter what J D Salinger or Herman Wouk or Philip Roth says about the home lives of Franny or Zooey or Marjorie Morningstar or even poor old Portnoy, I refuse to believe that American Jews make the world's worst parents And I still refuse to believe it despite a lot of new and nerve-shattering evidence offered up by Lawrence Shainberg in an erotic basketball novel —no kidding, an erotic basketball novel—with the raunchy title of *One on One*

What Mr Shainberg gives us, before his first novel has so much as peeled off its warm-up suit, is the standard All-Jewish-American fiction lineup—the frenetic boob of a father, the chicken-soup mother who can barely endure the old man and the enormously fouled-up son who, since in this case he is 6' 9" tall, is even more fouled up than usual These three apparently doomed souls, guided upcourt by a domineering psychoanalyst, scamper through the book with a fast-breaking display of self-abuse and self-destruction, conveyed in four- and seven-letter words that ramble on into that same Anglo-Saxon night through which so much contemporary Jewish fiction is groping

The tragedy is that, despite his many fouls, author Shainberg shows that he can write Moreover, his book is a bold attempt albeit an awesomely difficult one—to tell the story of a brief but intensive nervous collapse on the part of a young superstar the day of his first major college basketball game in Madison Square Garden The boy, Elwood Baskin, has the physical dimensions of Willis Reed, the ability to float around a court like Lew Alcindor and a touch that suggests the soft, deadly arcing shots of the splendid old Celtic Sam Jones Not a bad range of skills for a kid, and Shainberg is at his very best describing them He is able to show us how it is to be an athlete, to do things superbly well without thinking, to feel the ebb and flow of a game and, most of all, to have lived almost an entire life within the physical and emotional boundaries of a basketball court He gets these things across through a sequence of fantasies that occur in the boy's mind as reality begins to explode into whirling fragments the morning of the test at the Garden

"I am listening to those days when the games begin at eight in the morning and go on until dark, when the ball gets oiled and slippery from the sweat of your hands, and your feet burn from the heat of the concrete, when finally you play without a word, no congratulations for a good shot, no complaints about fouls, those days when finally there is nothing but the sound of the game

Before the ball leaves your hands you know the shot is good . Not because you've decided somewhere in your mind to shoot so hard, so high, and give the ball just so much spin, but because suddenly you and the ball and the hoop are *together*, all of one piece, and it is impossible to miss."

Reading passages like this, you know what an athlete feels And by maintaining this kind of fidelity, Shainberg adds to the small but growing body of contemporary fiction in which sport is finally being recognized as a legitimate background for adult storytelling It is simply a pity that all too often you must pay for it by wading through a sticky morass of sick, extravagant sex and sex fantasy, resting upon the tired pedestal of Jewish parenthood

—EZRA BOWEN

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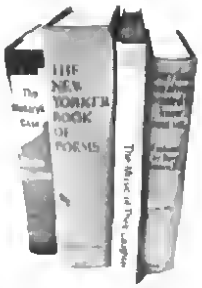


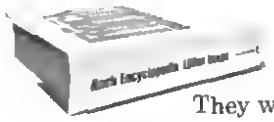
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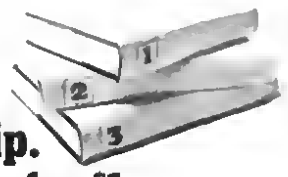
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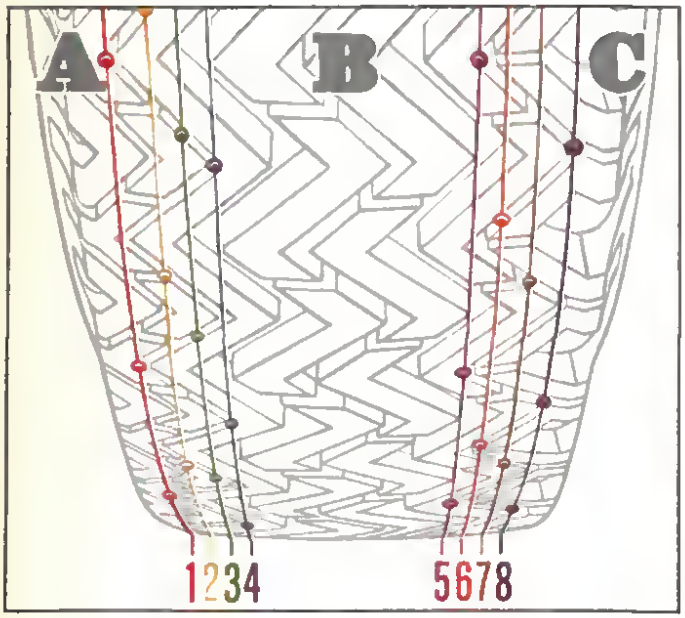
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What's so much better about it? Better starting. Better steering. Better stopping. Better traction.

Why an "asymmetrical" design?

Take a good look at the tread of this wide, new Town & Country® tire. You'll see three different designs: A. The outside shoulder. B. The center. C. The inside shoulder. This unusual engineering lets the new Town & Country charge through deep snow and dig through slush and mud. The remarkable wide-tread design also greatly increases tire mileage and gives you much finer handling when you're on dry roads.



The "asymmetrical" design gives you 8 rows of studs instead of only 6.

This wider, new Town & Country tread permits the placement of 112 ice-gripping studs instead of only 84, in eight rows instead of only six. That's why this new tire can give more secure footing on ice, whether you use four or just the usual two on the rear.

Put this new tire on all four wheels!

The "asymmetrical" design allows you to put this new tire on all four wheels. Why do it? The National Safety Council strongly recommends studded tires (where local laws permit) on all four wheels because on most cars the majority of your braking power



Even at only 12 mph you can stop much quicker on ice! Tests show:



1 With new "asymmetrical" Town & Country studded tires on both front and rear, car stops in only 44 ft

2 With new "asymmetrical" Town & Country studded tires on rear only, car stops in 56 ft.

3 With traditional design studded winter tires on rear only, car needs 65 ft to stop

As speeds increase, the difference in stopping distances will be even greater.

and steering control comes from the front wheels. What does this mean to you? Shorter stopping distance on ice and greater control on icy curves.

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You go through ice, mud, or snow or we pay the tow!

Firestone's new "asymmetrical" Town & Country will get you there and get you back and let you start, steer and stop better than any other winter tire we've ever made. Another pleasant surprise is that when you ask for the new Town & Country at your local Firestone dealer or store you'll find that it sells for no more than you'd expect to pay for any fine winter tire.

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Tests prove that 4 studded "asymmetrical" tires can stop up to 32% better on ice than 2 traditional design studded winter tires.

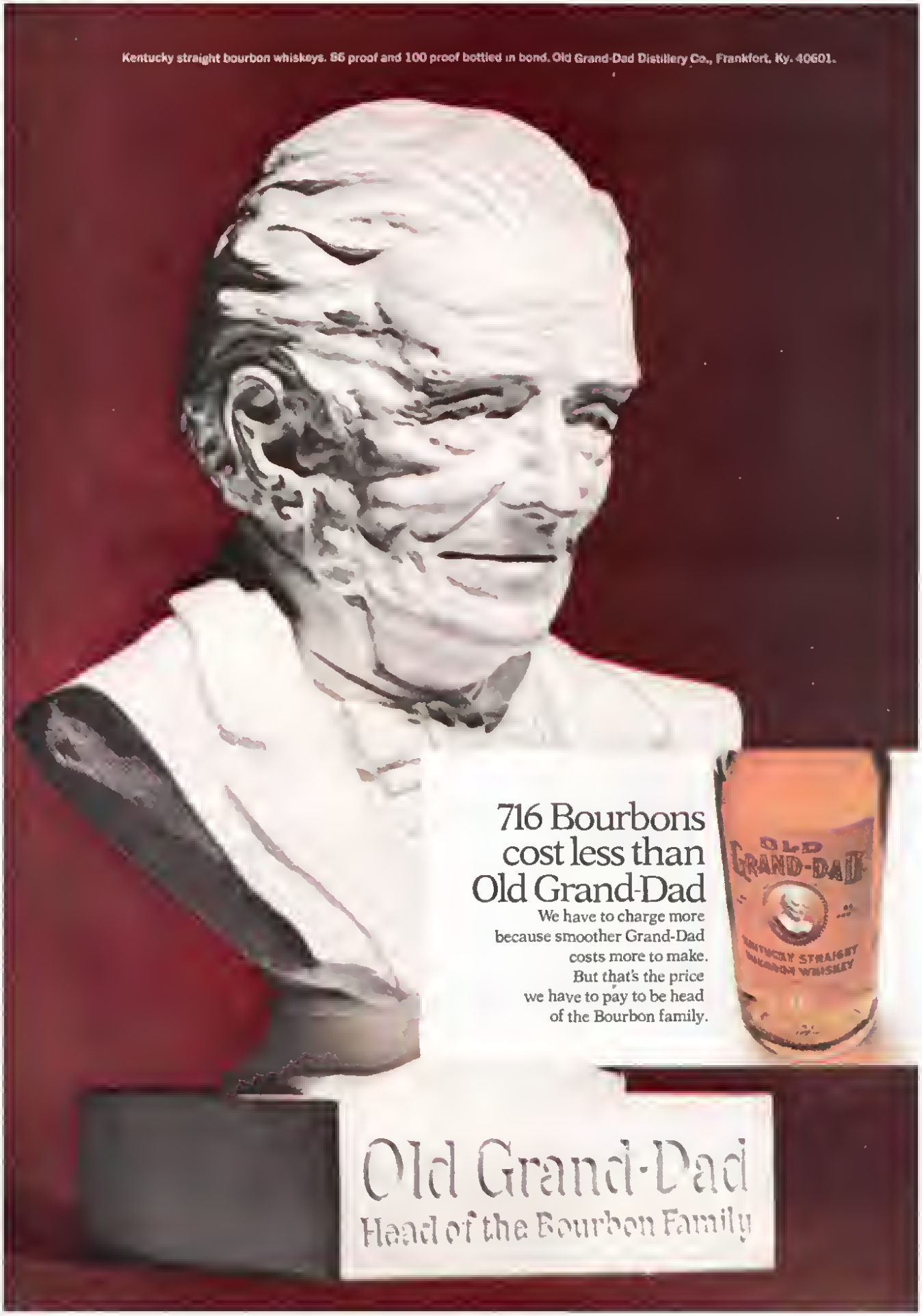
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(All comparisons relate to the previous Firestone Town & Country tire.)

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TV TALK

The big NBC machine eputtered, too, by being austere with a lively World Series

NBC's coverage of the World Series seems to be ruled by an official dictum declaring that, aside from the gobbledygook of Casey Stengel that we all can afford to suffer, our October classic *between two great teams* is a deadly serious proposition. Announcers should not intrude on this severe mood with any evidence of emotion, laughter or voice inflection. The NBC squad was up to its task, too, scaling the heights of somber superlativism. Had it not been for Tony Kubek's beanbag interviews, I could have been tuned in to Sir Winston Churchill's funeral by mistake.

I have been to my share of World Series games, and I am convinced the Series is an entirely different spectacle from the one described to me last week by Curt Gowdy, Chuck Thompson and Jim McIntyre. The games I attended struck me as being lively, exciting affairs, containing equal parts tension and fun. Maybe this year's Series was different. And maybe I am being picky to expect some facsimile of excitement to project itself through a TV screen, particularly since I suspect most viewers were pleased with the clinical NBC presentation.

After all, remember what happened a few years ago when the Cardinals were in the Series and Harry Caray dared betray the fact that he was excited? The viewer protests rivaled those stirred up by Howard Cosell's finest hours. Because of all the technological legerdemain thrown at them, viewers seem to want cardboard announcers now. Watching the Series, I recalled something Bert Parks had said only a few days before. "My personality is too strong for what they want on TV today. The emcee is gone. All they really want is a voice-over." This applies directly and increasingly to sports telecasting, as the presentation of the World Series proved.

What flair there was came from Thompson, a smooth old pro who joined Gowdy for the last three games. Yet even he seemed restrained. Seldom, for instance, did he produce that distinctive trademark of his. He says some sentences backward, does Chuck Thompson. "He hit this one hard, did Concepcion." "He can generate a lot of power, can Don Buford." Where Thompson helped most was as an analyst. While, heaven forbid, neither he nor Gowdy ever seriously suggested any of the 50 players—or six umpires—had deficiencies, they did provide a more enlightened commentary with each successive game. For example, in the second game Baltimore built its big inning around three straight hits to the opposite field. This was crucial, good baseball and an interesting point. But nobody mentioned it. By the last game, however, when Brooks Robinson went to right with a pitch to move a runner to third, Gowdy and Thompson were quick to emphasize what had happened.

There was also, for me at least, a failure to anticipate what might happen and to let me in on the possibilities. In baseball, calling the play is not the measure of an announcer, preparing for the possibilities of a play is. The special intrigue of baseball is the series of alternatives that each new situation presents. Bunt or hit? 'Who's on deck?' Take the pitcher out and who's left? And will the other team pinch-hit then? NBC gave us too little of this.

As is so often the case—and it may be that the one is a far less difficult art than the other—NBC's picture coverage was much stronger than its announcing. Camera angles were numerous and excellent, and the special replay and slow-motion devices were effectively employed. It was the close-ups, though, that paid off best. The tight dugout shots of the two managers provided revealing moments. And filmed footage of the Reds' Sparky Anderson in the dugout during a regular-season game, which appeared on a pregame show, was fascinating.

Indeed, the pregame shows offered the kind of sparkle and speculation that was missing once the play-by-play began. Mickey Mantle gave it the old aw-shucks hounddog, and Sandy Koufax—who is beginning to sound like Bing Crosby—was much better in this setting than he had been as a playoff color man. Like most athletes who are used to being interviewed, Koufax can respond well to questions, but he fails at initiating comment. It was during the playoffs, when Stan Williams came in to pitch, that Koufax said he had roomed with Williams once and had many "fond memories" of the ex-Dodger. Having teased us so, Koufax went so far as to reveal Williams' ERA. He could have used someone right there saying, "All right, Sandy, tell us one fond memory." On the pregame show, with Joe Garagiola there to ask the leading questions, Koufax became more than a six-figure voice-over.

Finally, I wish NBC did not have Kubek roaming the stands for interviews. If networks believe that former jocks are best qualified to analyze games, I think it only consistent that an ex-usher be hired to interview the people in the stands. With his gee-whiz repartee, Tony stepped on no toes as he shuffled through the aisles, and this year, unlike last, he never interfered with the action. But his assignment was silly and thankless. He was at his most instructive when introducing us to players' wives, since all the wives looked the same to me. Now I know why the Cincinnati and Baltimore organizations are so successful. They issue wives to all the players, along with spikes and fielders' mitts.

—FRANK DEFORD

MENUKI



These dragons once decorated the hilt of a Japanese warrior's ceremonial sword. Cast and worked in gold, they are in the collection of the Philadelphia Museum of Art.
Now Alva has faithfully reproduced this magnificent menuki (hilt ornament), creating a strikingly original and modestly priced piece of jewelry. The pendant pictured above, a gold electroplated facsimile, may be purchased for only $6.50.
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SCORPIO
(Oct.24 - Nov.22)



"This month you can get closer to the one you love. Binaca will help."

BINACA IS IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

BORING FROM WITHIN

The Internal Revenue Service has announced that it is suspending rulings on requests for tax-exempt status by "public interest law firms and other organizations which litigate or support litigation for what they determine to be the public good." The IRS specifically mentioned groups concerned with protection of the consumer and preservation of the environment, and indicated it would distinguish between groups that are educational and those that litigate. In other words, a nonprofit organization that publicizes environmental problems would be eligible for tax-exempt status, but if it took polluters into court, it would not be.

Thus, the IRS proposal, if it is allowed to stand, would cripple anti-pollution efforts. Legal action costs money, and conservation groups depend on donations to underwrite those costs. But few big donors will be able to continue their contributions to environmental defense if they lose tax deductions hitherto allowed.

The IRS defended its proposal by saying it was unfair to have taxpayers subsidize, in effect, one side in a lawsuit, conveniently overlooking the fact that the defendants in such suits are already able to write off much of their legal costs under existing law. Moreover, as Russell E. Train, chairman of President Nixon's Council on Environmental Quality, points out, environmental suits are not ordinarily designed to bring financial gain to the plaintiff nor do they involve personal economic interests. And, Train adds, litigation by such groups is most important in reinforcing the laws protecting the environment and in identifying gaps in regulatory procedure, "as, for example, in our pesticide controls."

Train asked Commissioner Randolph W. Thrower of the IRS not to take the step against the public interest groups but his request was ignored. Senator Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota called the IRS action "outrageous and callous." He said, "What it does is completely discredit the system. Here we have conservative due-process technique—the very thing that makes our system—and it is denied these public interest groups when it becomes effective."

The tax people ought to reread President Nixon's speech to Congress last February, in which he called for "greater citizen involvement" in the "fight against pollution." As the President said then, "The tasks that need doing require money, resolve and ingenuity—and they are too big to be done by government alone."

Particularly so when one part of government is sabotaging the effort.

MOVEMENT

In Oakland, Calif. disgruntled fans have started a new campaign against Charles O. Finley, the controversial owner of the Athletics. They are pushing bumper stickers that say FREE THE A'S.

CLOUD CHAMBER

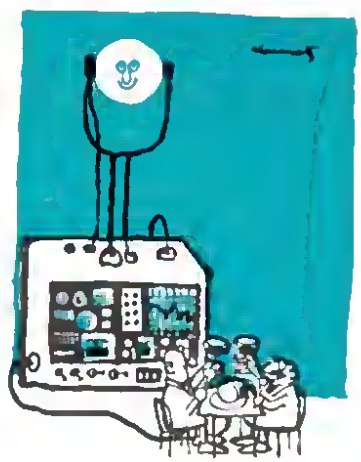
The great thing about the Astrodome in Houston, of course, is that if a game is scheduled to be played there you can be sure that it won't be rained out. Still, it doesn't hurt to be prepared. When the Oilers met the Baltimore Colts in the Dome a couple of weekends ago, a heavy rain pelting the roof moved some foresighted customers to pop open umbrellas. They were not superstitious, and they were getting wet. It seems that Roy Hofheinz, the Astrodome impresario, and Harris County, which owns the arena, have been arguing for two years over who has responsibility for things like repairs and maintenance. And while Houston argues, the roof leaks.

MEDICAL REPORT

Bold Ruler, Preakness winner in 1957 and one of the outstanding sires in thoroughbred racing history, was stricken with cancer of the throat this year. Because of his immense value as a sire, the horse was sent to Auburn University's School of Veterinary Medicine for medical attention. The tumor was found to be inoperable, but in September, under the direction of Dr. Jerry H. Johnson, associate professor of large animal surgery and medicine, Bold Ruler began to receive a series of cobalt treatments in the hope that the cancer could be arrested. The cobalt therapy proved so effective that by mid-October the stallion was released from the clinic and returned to Kentucky, where hopefully he will stand at stud for at least another year.

BLEU MOON?

Scientists trying to determine what the moon is made of got some answers when the first astronauts returned with rock and soil samples. But then all their calculations were thrown off by the seismographic instruments left on the moon's surface. Those instruments reported that shock waves traveled through the moon at an astonishingly slower rate than they do through the earth. Puzzled, scientists tested a wide variety of



materials, searching for one that yielded a rate similar to the moon's. One that did was aged provolone cheese.

Facing the question of why this information should be offered to readers of a sports magazine, we have decided: why shouldn't *everyone* know?

STORMY PETREL

Warren Armstrong, Rookie of the Year last season in the American Basketball Association, has one last chance to re-

continued

"Where else can you get a 6-cylinder, 100+ mph coupe with a proper chassis, good finish, and jazzy looks for $3,000?*

Nowhere *we* know of."

Road & Track Annual, 1970.



You can see how sleek it looks. And with a 6-cylinder, 2-litre engine and a very sophisticated 4-wheel independent suspension system, you can imagine what a sleek little beast it is.

But what you can't imagine, is the most remarkable feature of the GT-6+ the way it fits. Snug as a glove. You sense every move the car makes as if it were part of you. And the way it moves is something else—like a lithe, feline rhinoceros. Terrific torque and responsiveness, with handling as delicate as the look of the car.

Of course, it's got all the jazz you get in any good sports car—rack and pinion steering; front disc brakes; perforated vinyl, reclining bucket seats; padded steering wheel and gear box cover; and synchromesh in all 4 forward gears.

But the GT-6+ has something no other sports car has at the price. Sex. Get into one soon at your Triumph dealers.

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*Now $3,170, suggested retail, not including inland freight, dealer preparation, state and local taxes. Slightly higher on the West Coast.

A hangover isn't funny

A hangover can be just about the most distressing combination of pain, nausee, depression and fetigue you ever woke up with Simple headache tebletes or alkelizers alone can't do the whole job.

You need a combination of speciel ingredients to chase those multiple miseries Formulated specially for hangover, CHASER combines nine ingredients in every tablet

So, pain disappears fest Your stomach celms down Your spirits perk up

Try CHASER FOR HANGOVER It Really Works! Now at your phermacy.



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BINACA IS IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.



VERY PORTABLE. VERY POWERFUL.

main in the ABA after being assigned to his third team in less than a year. Trouble with Washington Capitol Coach Al Bianchi precipitated the first move, a trade to the Kentucky Colonels for a 1971 top draft choice. But the moody, quick-tempered Armstrong was in Louisville only long enough for eight exhibition games when General Manager Mike Storen suspended him, saying, "I consider that this franchise, as of this moment, is finished with Warren Armstrong." The reason was related to supposed attempts on Armstrong's part to form a black union among the Kentucky players. Four days later he was traded to the Indiana Pacers, a team that had sought him earlier and the one the 25-year-old player said he wanted to join all along. Pacer General Manager John Weissert said, "If there is anyplace where he has a chance to blend in and contribute substantially to a winning team, it's here." Replied Armstrong, "I like the prospects," and in a show of accord went along with Pacer Coach Bob Leonard's first request by shaving his beard. "I don't think I'm the monster I'm made out to be," he added.

IN LIFE AND DEATH

Fred (Dutch) Leidig, who died recently in Baltimore at the age of 61, worked for that city's Bureau of Recreation and had devoted more than 40 years of his life to amateur athletics. In a touching variation on a traditional theme, his obituary notice said, "In lieu of flowers, please make contributions to your favorite sports organization."

NOTES FROM OLYMPUS

From Bob Paul of the U.S. Olympic Committee comes the following intelligence about things Olympian:

At Munich, athletes in all 21 sports will be examined for evidence of drugs taken to stimulate performances.

Electric starting blocks will be used in track events at Munich to detect false starts.

Top ticket price at Munich will be about $25 (for the opening ceremonies). Top price for track and field, swimming, boxing, gymnastics and soccer will be about $15.

The IAAF has worked out an arrangement that will let manufacturers like Adidas and Puma continue to make track shoes with distinctive markings; in return, distribution of the shoes to athletes must be done through the national Olympic committee in each country.

The IAAF has upped per diem allowances for athletes competing in foreign countries from $2 to $3 (pocket money for incidentals); travel and living expenses are paid by the national team.

WHO'S AT FLANKER

A newspaper report described Don Jackson, Columbia's sophomore quarterback, as one of several black quarterbacks in the Ivy League, and the Columbia sports information director had to issue a release specifically describing Jackson as white, not black. Ideally, such confusion between white and black should not be important enough to notice, but we are a race-conscious people. In Texas, Ted Nance, the University of Houston's publicity man, received a call from a writer on this magazine asking if it was true that Houston's offensive backfield coach was black. "No," replied Nance, "he is Brown. In fact we have two offensive backfield coaches. One is Brown and the other is Redd."

"Oh," said our man. "Well, is one of them black?"

"Yes," said Nance, "Redd is black. Brown is white."

Five minutes later our writer called Nance back and said, "Would you mind giving that all to me again?"

THEY SAID IT

• Hayden Fry, SMU coach, agreeing that the Southwest Conference race gets less predictable every year: "It's awfully hard trying to figure out who will finish third behind Texas and Arkansas."

• Elrod Hendricks, Oriole catcher, on the disputed tag play on Bernie Carbo in the first game of the World Series: "If I tag him with the ball my name is in fine print in the paper, but if I tag him with the empty glove my name is all over the paper."

• Dan Abramowicz, New Orleans Saints wide receiver. "When I'm running a pattern, I pretend there is no one else on the field but myself and the quarterback. If I start thinking, 'I'm going to get hit,' I'll lose my concentration. I don't love to get hit, but I know it's part of the game And I realize that whether I catch the ball or not, I'm going to be hit. So, I'd rather have a completion and get banged good than drop the ball and get my head knocked off." **END**

Three anonymous experts name the tire they'd buy for themselves.



"Among us, we've put in 25 years driving highway patrol cars. We've tried nearly every new tire that's come along. But these Lifesaver Radials—they're really different.

"For one thing, the mileage is three or four times what we're used to getting. And the traction is unbelievable. Especially on wet roads. This is the tire we want on duty and off."

Before these state troopers could make their statement, we had to mask their faces and disguise their uniforms. Because neither a trooper nor his state can lend their names to any commercial product. But they know your life is riding on your tires, so they agreed to tell their story.

The B.F. Goodrich Lifesaver Radials on their patrol cars are exactly the same tires you can buy. Of course, you'll seldom need the maximum performance troopers need, but it's nice to know these tires can deliver it.

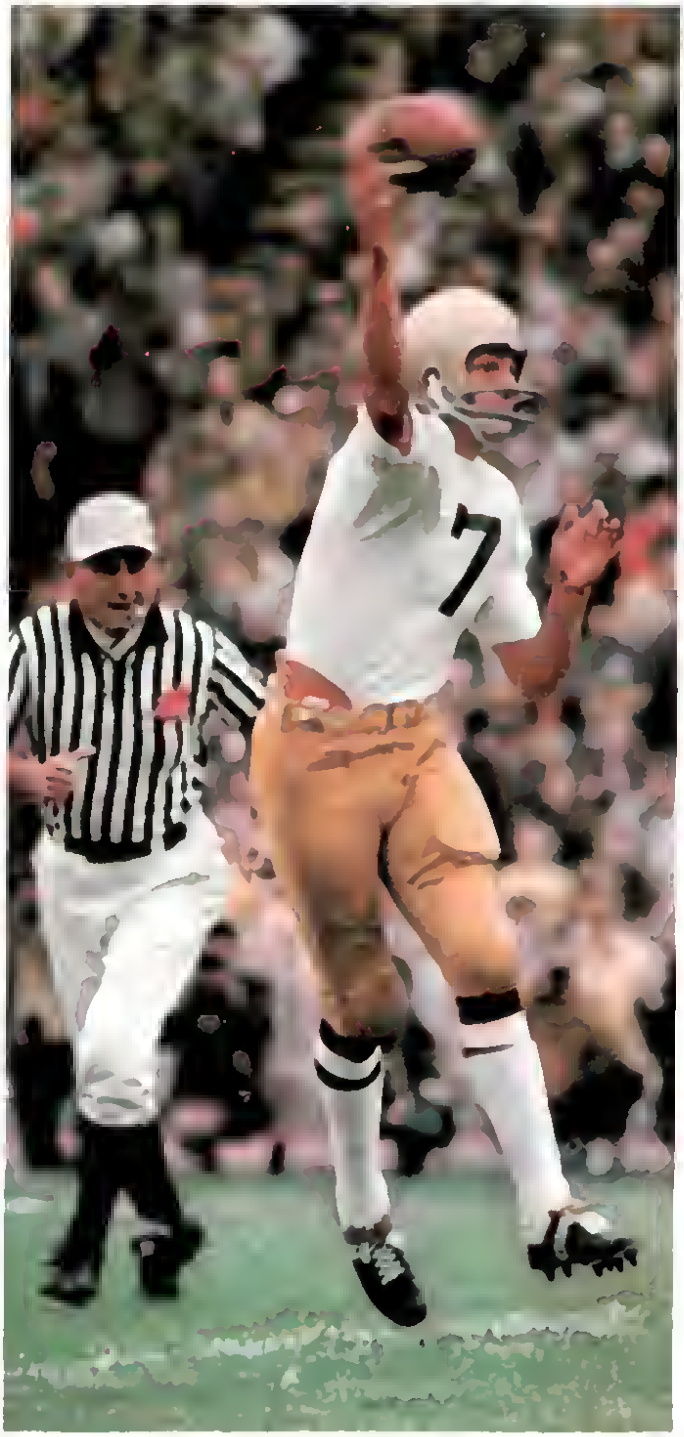
Lifesavers are made a whole new way with Dynacor® Rayon Cord. So they corner better. Take curves better. Stop quicker. They handle better and run cooler at high speed than even our own fiberglass-belted tire. They're also 33% stronger and give 30% better mileage. .40,000 miles or more.

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The New BFG Lifesaver Radials.
Your life should be riding on them.

KEEPERS





Up to throw against Missouri goes slender Joe Theismann, while Bob Neidert, a star of the stern Irish defense, exults after decking Quarterback Mike Farmer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

OF THE TRUE FAITH



There were infidels in the land who spoke of Ohio State or Texas, Auburn or Nebraska as No. 1, but in countless hearts where football is forever green—even if the players' names often are not—there was but one team. Notre Dame was on the move, a skinny Methodist at the controls. *Turn to page 51 for a report on his conversions among the Missouris.*

HE MOVES LIKE SILK, HITS LIKE A TON

In short, Muhammad resembles the Ali of old, which means Jerry Quarry should expect to have a hard night of it in Atlanta **by MARK KRAM**

Move back time two years to a windy fall day on Broadway. Muhammad Ali is strolling along, signing autographs, and generally succeeding in turning a simple walk into an event. Suddenly he starts sprinting down the street and screaming. "Jack Johnson! JACK JOHNNNSON!" He had caught a glimpse of James Earl Jones, the powerful lead in the drama *The Great White Hope*. Reaching Jones, he shouts: "The line! Gimme the line." Startled, Jones puts down his shopping bag full of books and, summoning a vast wave of defiance, recreates Jack Jefferson, the name given Jack Johnson in the play's script. Damning his oppressors and telling them that if they want his title they will have to come to Mexico and fight for it, Jones holds his fists over his head and rages into the Broadway wind. "Here . . . I . . . *is*!"

"That's the line," cries Ali, laughing and slapping his sides. "That's it. That's me. You can see it's me, can't you?"

"Yes, Muhammad," says Jones, "that is you."

"Oh Lord, brother, you're too much," says Ali. "Isn't that somethin'? You're here doin' this Jack Johnson story at the same time they steal my title from me, just like they did Johnson. History all over again. Except I'm a clean Jack Johnson. They can't say I mess with white women, or drink whiskey or go to them nightclubs. See, there's nothin' dirty they can lay on me. I'm the clean All-American image. They can't say I'm bad and that makes 'em angry. They know I'm not gonna lose my title in the ring. Now that drives 'em out of their mind. So they take my license away. Now ain't that somethin'? As if a little old boxin' license is important. I'm fightin' for 22 million black people. I'm fightin' for their freedom, and that's really big. I ain't losin' nothin', but gainin' the world."



Querry represents the end of exile to Ali.

Nothing is the same anymore, not even the king of the world himself, the only champion whose title seemed to have a quality of the universal, or, as Bundini Brown calls him: the Blessing of the Planet. "Everything changes," says Muhammad Ali. "Governments change, kings fall, people change. I've changed." He sits in the back room of the Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach, back where he began 10 years before, once again, so it seems, one with the thin coat of dust on the windows, the dirt neatly piled in corners, that smell of dead dreams. "It's been so long," he says, beginning to dress. "I never thought I'd be back again, here again. Back in my old life again. All those years."

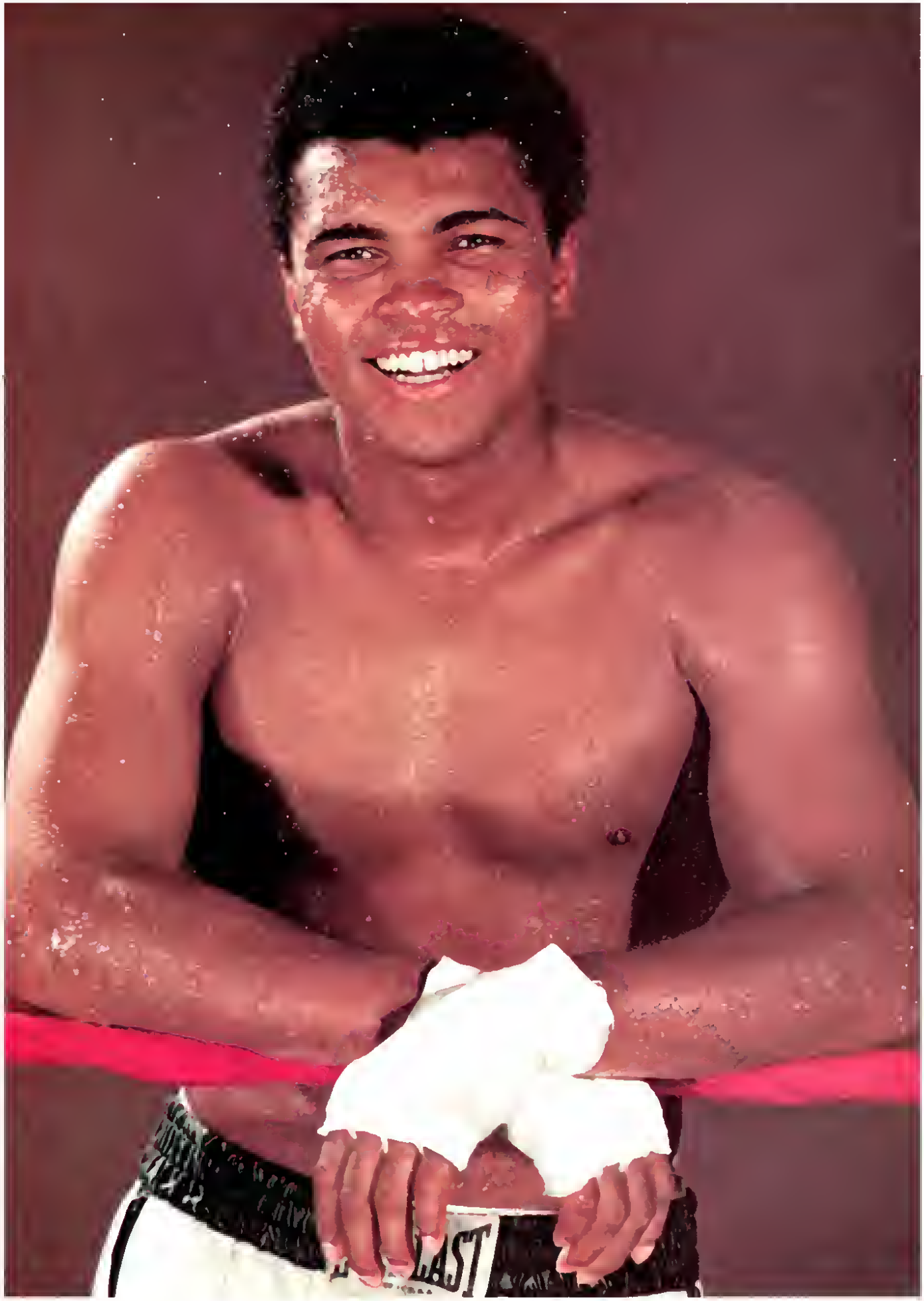
The gym and its people mark the stretch of time. The posters on freshly painted walls of cheap whitewash tell of new names and where they have been, and an American flag frames the dressing room door. The old face of Luis Rodriguez, with its wondrous nose, is now an old, old face. The look of Angelo Dundee, the only constant figure in Ali's professional history, is one of weariness, of too many nights in too many corners in too many faraway places. Even Bundini seems worn, no longer ageless or robustly emotional. Only Muhammad, the visual Muhammad, seems to have taken Time and held it off by the throat, the condition of his body now dramatically saying what he will not say: "Here . . . I . . . really *is*!"

The dressing room door swings open, and out move Bundini and Ali. Bundini sings. "Look out, give him room. Here he come now, the king of allll he see." Muhammad moves in front of a mirror, looks long and hard at himself and then begins. Jab, jab, jab, dance, quick shuffle, several trunk twists and then, coming out of the twists, the jabs explode again, and then three rights within a microsecond. Jumping into the ring, he works 10 rounds with two sparring partners, concentrating on fluidity of movement, and absorbing punishment to the body. "Like lightning," says Dundee. "Big man . . . he moves like silk, hits like a ton."

Ollie Wilson, who has spent a lifetime in gyms, says, "He's like nobody else I've ever seen. Like no other fighter in the history of the world. Gone three and a half years, and nobody can touch him. Just a few weeks back in the gym, and nobody can touch him. He does what he wants in a ring. He trains the way he wants. He's the only one in the gym that doesn't wear gloves on the bag, and he's never had any real trouble with his hands. Everyone else drinks hot tea right after a workout, but not him. Ali, he'd rather have a large glass of ice water. He'll lay over the ropes day after day and allow the sparring partners to beat him to the body, and as a result he takes the best body shot I've ever seen. You got to say the big man knows what he's doin'. I don't

continued

No longer jowly or flabby, Ali relishes his remarkably speedy return to fighting trim.


LAST

know what makes him what he is. He's human, but hey—maybe he ain't."

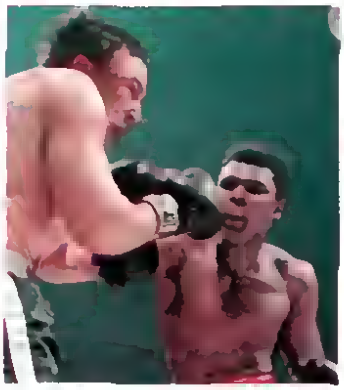
Finished for the day that began at 5 a.m. with six miles of roadwork, his weight now down to a hard 214 pounds, he returns to his small, dim hotel on the ocean, an obscure Jewish retreat during religious holidays where old women sit rocking and looking on the porch and others sit nodding in a half-sleep in the lobby. It is here that he prepares his own dinner, spends almost all of his time in his room where—usually in a Muslim robe, and hands extended—he prays toward the East three times a day. It is an ascetic atmosphere, one that reflects the immense sacrifice being endured by a man who cannot stand restraint of any sort. To help himself, he repeatedly gazes at a picture taped to a mirror. It is a picture of Ali taken five *years ago before the second Liston fight.*

Interrupting his deep study of himself on the mirror, Muhammad asks an old trainer in the room: "How you fight Quarry?" The trainer looks at Angelo Dundee. "Yeah, you answer him, that's what I want, somebody else to give him an opinion," says Dundee. "You beat Quarry with the jab," says the old man. "What else do you do?" presses Dundee. "Always move behind the jab and don't come straight at him when he's in the corner," replies the trainer. "That's it!" shouts Dundee. "The left handles Quarry. Bob-bop-bop, slip, slide, move out. But you don't fall in. Then Quarry's dangerous, a short, quick, hard counter puncher with either hand. Keep him in the middle of the ring and make him lead. Then he reaches, lunges with his punches." Muhammad mutters "unhuh," and returns to the picture.

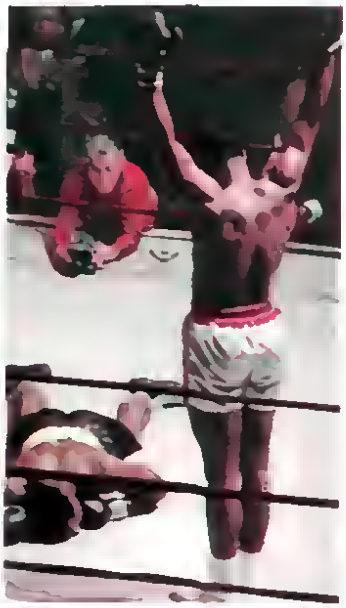
"That's when I was at my top condition," Ali says, looking at it, then measuring his sides with his hands, pinching the small amount of extra flesh on his stomach and checking his jowls. "See how narrow and trim I was. Maybe I'll never look like that again. My weight's not much different, but everything else is broader, fuller, my face, my arms, my legs. How do I look? Am I trim?" He is, he says, ready for what he calls his day of judgment. "I run harder, sacrifice more. There'll be no mistakes preparin' for this fight.

"I'm crazy with loneliness, though," he says. "Durin' all the years I was away, I was never lonely. Oh, I had a ball, drivin' to the colleges and stayin' at the

THIS WAS ALI AS THE UNDEFEATED CHAMPION



One of the few he never floored was Chuvalo, but he pounded him for 15 rounds.



Knockout of Folley in March 1967 was Ali's last defense before his banishment.



The first-round execution of Liston in Maine led to this famous photograph.



Bigger, stronger and faster, Ali seemed to be amusing himself with Patterson.

inns and meetin' students, the black power groups, the white hippies, and we'd all have sessions on what we was gonna talk about and dinner was then planned in the hall, and we'd go to the student union buildin' and have the meetin' and they'd ask me questions, all the boys and girls, black and white. Like what should we do, or what do you think is gonna happen here, you know—just like I was one of those sleepy-lookin' Senators up in the capital. Now I'm just all by myself. Up at 5, to bed by 10 at night. No lunch, no breakfast, my stomach burnin' with hunger, fightin' temptation, women of all races callin' me on the phone, and the only thing keepin' me from goin' out that window there is thinkin' of that short walk to the ring, and all those faces there, lookin' at me and sayin': 'Why it's a miracle! He looks sooooo beautiful.'

"They're all waitin' for me. Fans call me up, write me letters, telling me they worry about me, like will I or won't I be able to beat Jerry Quarry. The great Joe Louis got beat when they brought him out of retirement to fight Ezzard Charles and Jim Jeffries got whupped by Jack Johnson. People tell me it can't be done. You can't come back. I git letters from black brothers beggin' me to be careful. Like Quarry's too tough, he's been active and Ali you've been away too long. Take another fight first, they say. All that just makes me more stubborn, and I know I've got to do it. And all those people who say I was overrated before, and that Jerry Quarry will prove it now. All this leaves no time for poems, jokes and gimmicks. Nobody has to tell me this is serious business.

"I'm not just fightin' one man, I'm fightin' a lot of *men*, showin' a lot of 'em here is one man they couldn't defeat, couldn't conquer, one they didn't see get big and fat and flat on his back. Lose this one and Quarry'll be a movie star. By beatin' me, he'll be so valuable. He'll be in big cinemas, probably playin' in a top Western, the man who defeated Muhammad Ali. Like the man who shot Liberty Valance. He'll be a great man. It won't be just a loss to me. So many people'll be rejoicin' and jumpin' up and down and hollerin' and just rollin' under beds and chairs. Then again, so many millions of faces throughout the world will be sad, so sad they'll feel like they've been defeated. All of this, just over a bout. If I lose I'll be in jail for the rest of my life. If I lose I will not be free. I'll have to listen to all this about how I was a bum, I was fat, I joined the wrong movement, they misled me. So I'm fightin' for my freedom.

"I don't anger toward the commissioners, or the American Legion, or the Foreign Legion, or all those arena owners. They did what they thought was right according to their beliefs. I don't resent them. If a man is a real athlete he don't get mad because another man wins. He had his chance and lost. I've always felt like that. Nobody ever heard me protest over losin' in anything. I don't regret the past, never been disappointed. I wasn't dependin' on plays [he was in *Buck White*] or that computer fight with Marciano, or boxin', or court decisions to determine my life. It's Allah, it's God, and what he wants. Whatever Allah wills is gonna happen, and I just try to please Allah, even if it means this man's law is broken, or this man's gonna put me on the firin' squad. That's all right, just so I'm right with Allah and the Islamic law."

[Ali says his most serious mistake was displeasing Elijah Muhammad, which quickly drew censure from Elijah, "because he showed more love for the ring of sport than he has for the circle of Islam, which he had been preaching as a minister. I had told him that Allah said he would give us money, good homes, friendships and all good things. Well, Muhammad Ali disbelieved Him. I will allow him to return when his morals change!"]

It is difficult, even more so than ever before, to extract what really is on Ali's mind as he begins to write another page in his history that far transcends the dimensions of a ring. The suspension by Elijah seems to have jolted him into extreme caution, a need and desire for money so that he can ensure the future of his family seems to have made him conscious of the practical aspects of the world. Where he was once one of the indefatigable consumers anywhere, a one-man war against recession, he now behaves like a careful prince of commerce. Even his camp, once so virulent with contempt for others, is of a different character. Cap'n Sam, Ali's bodyguard and inspired white hater, is gone, and Ali's craftily obedient brother is obviously absent. Only Bundini, his phrasemaker and "witch doctor," remains.

"All I think about now," says Ali, "is providing for my family so they won't have it as difficult as I did. So my three little darling girls can git a good education and learn from the beginning how to read and spell. Not like me."

That quote, it seems, would never have come from the man who was, many believed, the first symptom of a national nervous breakdown, a man who was swept by a movement out of the boxing arena and carried along as a symbol of black nationalism and antiwar sentiment. The swift pace of events and currents of thought have certainly altered that picture of Ali. For one thing, by the present climate of black radicalism, Ali is a moderate, and the Muslims are hardly revolutionary. Muhammad avoids discussion of the politics of his past, or the sometimes gross character he brought to his fights. Like the clever dramatist he is, Ali is creating a new theme for his fight with Quarry, totally parallel to the onetime hysterical brashness versus malevolence (Sonny Liston); the holy wars (Terrell and Patterson); and finally, the black prince on the lam (Mildenberger, Cooper and London). Nostalgically, he says, "The artist returns, like, say, what ya call him . . . yeah, Rimbrindt back from exile."

For all the impossible contradictions that he is, considering his penchant for saying what he does not think, one guess is that *some* change *has* occurred within Ali. Yet it is of a strain that is hard to grasp, and it is unlikely that even he himself can define it. Who knows what his innate gift for bombast and drama will visit upon us next? Only this seems clear—his impatience for the hunt again. Perhaps the lines of Saint-Exupéry relate to what is on his mind. Quoting a gardener, Saint-Exupéry wrote: "You know, I used to sweat sometimes when I was digging. My rheumatism would pull at my leg, and I would damn myself for a slave. And now, do you know, I'd like to spade and spade. It's beautiful work. A man is free when he is using a spade."

Or then again, it could simply be that Ali finally understands the exchange he once had with Herbert Muhammad, son of Elijah. "I am looking for Allah to do something," he said to Herbert. "I am his servant. *Allah*, they're punishing your *servant*!" Herbert replied: "Yes. Ali, Allah will provide. We also believe, you know, that Allah helps those who help themselves." **END**

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THAR SPILLS



Rookie Defensive End Cedrick Hardman plays like his license read

In years past, the San Francisco 49ers have been almost defenseless, but now they've got the hitting to go with John Brodie's passing and are making a run at the National West title **by TEX MAULE**

The San Francisco 49ers, in 25 years of pro football seldom a bridesmaid and never a bride, looked last Sunday as if they were determined to follow their familiar pattern: early success followed by sudden collapse. After having played superbly the week before in beating Los Angeles 20–6, they were tied by lowly New Orleans 20–20.

But, in this case, the wedding hasn't been called off just yet. This isn't a typical San Francisco club bursting with nonchalance, going for broke on offense and breaking down on defense. Under Head Coach Dick Nolan, the 49ers are all fired up, and the tie with the Saints still leaves them only half a game behind the Rams in their division, with another game against L.A. in Kezar Stadium coming up at the end of November.

"We have a real good shot at it this year," says Running Back Ken Willard. "I'm tired of hearing about how we have all the personnel and still can't win. That's never been true. We didn't have the kind of people we have now and we've never been as deep as we are."

But the biggest improvements in the 49ers are the kicking game and the defense. "In 1969 we lost three or four games because we didn't have a capable kicker," Nolan said last week at the team's training grounds in Redwood City. "That's why we traded for Bruce Gossett. And it wasn't just placekicking. Our special teams cost us games, too. That's not happening this year."

Special teams are usually manned by youngsters waiting to move up to either the offensive or defensive units and by veterans who aren't quite good enough to do anything else. But, as Nolan points out, no team can win a championship with ordinary specials. To improve his, Nolan hired Doug Scovil, who was head coach at the University of Pacific, and he named Ed Beard, a San Francisco middle linebacker until injured and supplanted by Frank Nunley, captain of the special teams.

Beard has made it an honor to be picked for the specials. "When he comes to you and asks you to play on one of the special teams, he makes you feel like he's doing you a favor," one player says. "You don't feel like you're in there as cannon fodder. You feel like you're making a real contribution."

Ironically, in the 49ers' one-point loss to Atlanta three weeks ago—their only defeat of the season—it was a special team that failed. Gossett, who rarely misses from inside the 40 on field goals, blew one from the 19.

It is a mark of the new spirit of the 49ers that on the plane from Atlanta to San Francisco every player on the squad went up to Gossett and consoled him. Lou Spadia, the president of the club, called Gossett when he got home. "Don't get your dauber down," Spadia said. "That happens to everyone. You're the best placekicker we have had here in 25 years, just remember that." The following week Gossett kicked two field goals to help beat the Rams.

Spadia has been with San Francisco since 1946, when the team originated as



Frank (Fudge Hammer) Nunley is a linebacker.

a member of the old All-America Conference, and he is keenly aware of the difference between this team and those of the past. "You think back on all the All-Pro players we've had," he said last week. "Joe Perry, John Henry Johnson, Hugh McElhenny, Y.A. Tittle, Gordy Soltau, Billy Wilson. I could go on for a long time, but the significant thing is that they were all offensive players. We had a fine team in 1952 and I'll bet you can't remember any defensive player with the exception of Leo Nomellini. We've always been offense oriented and I finally figured that no club ever wins a title without a great defense."

Nolan came to the 49ers from Dallas, where he was defensive coach under Tom Landry, who was himself once a defensive coach. Nolan has almost completely rebuilt the San Francisco defense, only four starters being left from the club he took over two seasons ago.

One of the key members of the revitalized unit is Nunley, who is 6′ 2″, 230 and looks about as hard as a soft-boiled egg, but he hits like Dick Butkus and roams as widely as Tommy Nobis. His teammates call him "Fudge Hammer." "Because he's so sweet and hits so hard," says Willard.

Nunley is also known for his gung-ho attitude. "He is the most positive man I've ever met," says John Brodie, the 35-year-old quarterback who is having the best season of his life in his 14th year as a pro. "The big difference between this club and the other 49er teams I have played with is the terrific morale, and Nunley has had a lot to do with that, I think."

"He'll call any defense in the book and he's a gambler," says Nolan. "My only problem with him is holding him down. And he has one great quality. If he makes a mistake—and he makes some—he forgets it immediately. He doesn't brood or sulk about it."

Nunley himself has another explanation for the club's new zest. "When I came here four years ago, there was a real sharp division on the team. There was a nucleus of oldtimers and then there were the young players, and the two groups just didn't get along. Now most of the old ones have gone and the young guys are really keyed up."

He looked across the dressing room at a big, powerful man who had thrown his head back to laugh at something another player had said. "Now we got guys like him," Nunley said.

He was speaking of rookie Defensive End Cedrick Hardman. In the Ram game Hardman sacked Los Angeles Quarterback Roman Gabriel twice; Brodie wasn't dumped once by the Fearsome Foursome. Deacon Jones, who is considered the best defensive end in the game, was often double-teamed, and when he wasn't, Casimir Banaszek, a tight end Nolan made into an offensive tackle, fended Jones off.

After the game, Hardman, attired in a white double-breasted suit and a flowered ascot, went to the Ram dressing room to talk to Jones. In a story in a Los Angeles paper earlier in the week, Jones was quoted as saying that while Hardman showed some potential, he was still just a kid and no threat to Jones' eminence at their position.

At 6′ 3″ and 250, Hardman is a bit smaller than Jones, but he braced the Ram veteran coolly. He asked Jones if the quotes were accurate. "I might have said something like that," Jones allowed. "Maybe not just exactly that, but something near it."

"You may be the best now, Deacon," Hardman said, "but you better be ready to retire in a couple more years."

In the dressing room at Redwood City, Hardman laughed, thinking of the confrontation. "He's the best now, I guess," he said. "But I can be just as good as I want to be and I'm going to be the best."

Now he was all duded up in a black cowboy outfit that has earned him the nickname "Fontana." It has no special meaning, but Willard, who conferred it, figured Hardman deserved a name and a horse as much as any other Western hero. He called Hardman's imaginary horse "Sugar." Two days before the 49ers played the Saints, Hardman was 20 minutes late to a meeting, and when he came in Willard had written "Poor old Sugar" on the blackboard and Nolan pointed a finger at Hardman and said, "That'll cost you a hundred."

After practice, walking out to his red Lincoln Continental with Texas plates reading NASTY, Hardman laughed. "If I'd known it wasn't going to cost no more than that, I'd have missed the whole meeting," he said.

He patted the flank of the big car fondly, then grew serious. "I meant it about being the best. I only played as a starting defensive end for one year at North Texas State—my senior year. I went there as a 180-pound running back and then got too big. My first two years, all I played was sideline. So I still have a lot to learn, but I'm learning every day."

"He learns very fast," Nolan says. "He still makes the mistakes you expect from rookies, but he's so quick he outruns most of them. I remember in an exhibition with Cleveland, Bo Scott got outside of him and into the clear and Hardman ran him down from behind. There aren't many men as big as he is who can run down backs in the open field."

And there aren't many coaches like Nolan. "He's a listener," Brodie says. "If you come to him with a suggestion, he thinks it over and he's not afraid to use ideas from the players."

The players might have had any number of suggestions after the tie, but they were almost inarticulate with rage. "We used to lose big on our bad days," one veteran muttered. "We should have won on this one. We won't have any more. Bet on that." **END**

THAT BLACK AND ORANGE MAGIC

All the Orioles seemed to hava a hand in casting a spell over Cincinnati but there was no one to compare with Brooks Robinson, the friendly ghost, who made the Reds disappear in five games

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Andy Etchebarren was sitting in the Baltimore dugout before the fifth and final game of the 1970 World Series, his eyes transfixed by the strange patterns created by raindrops falling on a heavy green tarpaulin covering the infield. Brooks Robinson sat down beside him and tapped him on the knee.

"Feeling O.K., Andy?" asked Robinson.

Etchebarren smiled. "Brooksie," he said, "make it stop raining."

"Thanks," Robinson said, "but I'm not going that good."

Maybe not, but as the cold winds moved up Chesapeake Bay, a warning of Halloween just around the corner, there were those in Baltimore who swore they could feel the swooping presence of some great hobgoblin in an orange and black uniform with the number 5 on its back moving about the countryside. It had a very high forehead and a smile on its face and it was beating the bejeezus out of everything in sight with a 33-ounce bat. And what escaped, it caught with its glove.

Well, maybe not *everyone* in Baltimore had this vision, but that is almost surely the way the Cincinnati Reds are going to see the whole horrible thing in their nightmare this winter. A fine baseball team that had the misfortune to run into the Orioles—and Brooks Robinson—in this Series, the Reds will swear they were the victims of witches and warlocks. And maybe they were. Somebody stopped the rain. Against this kind of magic, even a group of such superlative hitters as the Reds could only hope to survive; they were a part of as fine a five-game Series as baseball could have hoped for—but they never seemed to be in any danger of winning it. When the torture was over, Johnny Bench said, "I hope we can come back and play the Orioles next year. I also hope Brooks Robinson has retired by then."

Sixteen times the Reds smashed hard line drives into the infield or deep into the outfield only to see an Oriole, usually Robinson, make an impossible play and stuff a sure hit into his glove. If somehow they had become disoriented enough to believe that this was last year and that they were the Orioles playing the New York Mets in 1969, they could have been forgiven. For the Reds, bad luck never seemed to take a holiday.

There were all sorts of cases in point, but take what happened in the second game, which Baltimore won 6–5. It ended when Oriole Centerfielder Paul Blair raced to the wall in deep center to catch what looked like at least a triple off the bat of pinch hitter Jimmy Stewart. In game No. 3 Baltimore made the lesson stick. The Reds got their first two runners on, and then Tony Perez hit a screamer into a double play—started by Robinson. Bench followed with a brutal liner—at Robinson. The great revival died. Final score: 9–3.

If the defeats depressed the Reds, they exhilarated the Orioles, who needed some sort of vindication after the flop against the Mets. They also showed why the Orioles are considered the liveliest team in the major leagues today. Granted, the American League is not as strong as the National, nor does it have the depth of competition or the caliber and quantity of stars. Still, as can be seen by merely watching them play, the Orioles are an exception, a 1970 team undiluted by expansion. They have man-





aged to retain their excellent pitching, especially in the persons of 20-game winners Mike Cuellar, Dave McNally and Jim Palmer, and four Golden Glove winners at critical defensive positions, Robinson at third, Mark Belanger at shortstop, Dave Johnson at second and Blair in center. And then of course there are Frank Robinson, Boog Powell and Don Buford, who bring the bats.

Millions of people undoubtedly wonder why it is that the Mets could beat the Orioles so soundly last year, then finish third to Pittsburgh, a team that was in turn so easily mashed by the Reds in the playoffs. The chief difference between the 1969 and 1970 Mets is pitching. Met pitching a year ago held the Orioles to the lowest five-game Series hit total ever, 23. This time Blair and Brooks Robinson, who together batted .077 against New York, batted .450. Their hits against Cincinnati (18) were only five short of the team aggregate in 1969.

Cincinnati, unfortunately, was forced to use 18 pitchers in the five games. Not all of them were entirely healthy, and one of the best, Wayne Simpson (14-3), was too sore even to try. Aside from the injuries, the Reds are basically a very young team that usually makes up for its mistakes with muscle. But it takes experience and exceptional technique, as well, to beat a team like Baltimore. One example of a department where the Reds did come up woefully short was in throwing the ball from the outfield. Black magic had nothing to do with the occasional offending throw that just missed its mark. Next spring the Reds will have to work on marksmanship if they intend to be Series material again.

Baltimore plays with a natural flair. As Brooks Robinson said last Thursday evening, "We just seem to do things automatically at times. I believe we do it that way because our guys are good enough that they don't need too many lessons to pick things up. Sure, we work in spring training on hitting the cutoff man and backing up the plays. If you make a mistake on things like those a whole big inning will open up against you."

Robinson was signed by the Orioles on the basis of a letter sent to Paul Richards, then the manager-general manager of the team, by a former teammate, Lindsay Deal. The letter was dated Feb. 13, 1955.

"Dear Paul," it began, "I am writing you in regard to a kid named Brooks Robinson. I think he measures up to having a chance in major league baseball. I think he is a natural third baseman although he has been playing both second and third.

"He will be 18 years old May 18 and graduates from Little Rock Senior High School on May 27. He is 6 feet 1 inch in height and weighs 175. His physique is outstanding for a boy this age. He bats right and throws right. . . .

"Brooks has a lot of power, baseball savvy and is always cool when the chips are down. This boy is the best prospect I've seen since Billy Goodman came to Atlanta to play when I was playing there. That is the reason I am contacting you.

"I thought you might be interested in him and able to make as good an offer as anyone else. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bothered you with it."

Richards passed the letter on to the team's farm department, and Robinson, seven months later, became the first prospect to make the team since its move from St. Louis, where, in kindlier moments, people called it the Browns.

How good are the Orioles? "We like to think," says Earl Weaver, the man who manages them, "that we do not have too many holes." Over the last seven seasons Baltimore has won more games (672) than any other team. The club closest to them in that period is Minnesota with 635. Next are San Francisco (633), Detroit (625) and St. Louis (617). When the Tigers, world champions in 1968, tried to repeat in 1969 not even their 103 victories of the previous year would have won for them. Since they managed to win only 90 they finished 19 games behind Baltimore.

"Certain people believe that we have had the finest team in baseball for the past two years," said Weaver last week. "It must be pretty good because it has played in two World Series and it has won one more game in the last two World Series than the New York Mets ever did."

The quote is more than a statement. It is an exposition of the Earl Weaver

continued

Possibly the finest of the Robinson World Series catches was this one in the third game on a scorching liner off the bat of Johnny Bench.



baseball personality. A brilliant tactical manager known in the trade to "never box himself," Weaver, now 40, took over the Orioles in midseason of 1968, and since then the team has won 265 games and lost only 141. He is a man who believes in keeping every possible statistic, then studying his lists carefully before reaching a decision, and he usually has about six reasons for everything he does.

When Cincinnati did bounce back in the fourth game of the Series, there was hope on the team that it could rally and take the Orioles back to the mod sod in Cincinnati and beat them. The Reds had stopped a 17-game Baltimore winning streak, and they felt that maybe the old idea that every winning streak is usually followed by a losing streak would hold true. Not only was the thinking fallacious, Baltimore quickly reminded the Reds that here was no ordinary team, especially where losing streaks were concerned. This season its longest bad spell lasted three games. A year ago the worst was five.

Much was made of the fact that during the year the Reds, with their preponderance of right-handed hitting power, chewed left-handed pitching up and spit it into the Ohio River. Little was made of Baltimore's record of the last two seasons against right-handed pitching. Yet the Orioles were 77 games over .500 during that period and they maintained their lifetime record against the American League's best pitchers: Denny McLain (11-13), Jim Perry (14-14), Mel Stottlemyre (7-9), Dean Chance (11-16), Joe Horlen (9-10) and Luis Tiant (2-10).

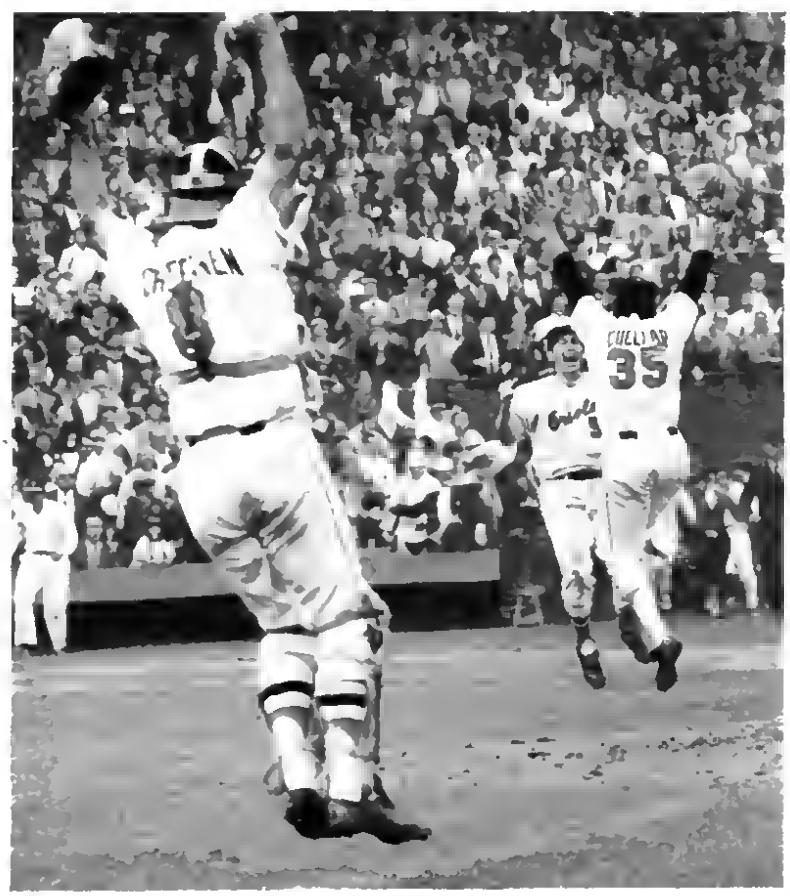
Cincinnati's record against lefthanders (33-12) and the fact that the Orioles felt somewhat apprehensive about pitching McNally and Cuellar against the Big Red Machine (after the Series some of the players called it the Big Red Edsel) and its right-handed power brought a fine reaction from Frank Robinson. Presiding as judge in the kangaroo court at the Oriole victory party several hours after the last game, Robinson fined superscout Jim Russo for even suggesting that the Reds might be able to rough up McNally and Cuellar. (Frank also fined Brooks Robinson for "showboating it during the entire Series.") Before the Series began Russo suggested to Weaver that 40-year-old right-handed Reliever Dick Hall start one of the games against the Reds' righties. After thinking the matter over, Weaver decided against the plan, because if Hall started he could not be used in relief more than once and Weaver did not want to eliminate his option of using Hall more often. Hall did come into the second game, where he faced seven batters and got all of them out.

Given all of his statistics, Weaver might have known another fact. This has not been a very good year for left-handed pitching in the National League, which could explain why the Reds were death on them. The Reds' own Jim Merritt was the winningest lefthander with a 20-12 record, but his ERA was 4.08. Luke Walker of the Pirates (15-6) had only five complete games; Steve Carlton of the St. Louis Cardinals lost 19 times; and Jerry Koosman of the New York Mets had only one shutout. The San Francisco Giant staff worked 50 complete games, but only three of those were by lefties.

"There can be little doubt," said Clay Carroll, the one Cincinnati pitcher who was effective in the Series, "that we came in with a crippled staff and that the Orioles crippled what was left of it." He was not talking about the personal shelling that they took, but he might well have been. The Orioles drove five balls back at or through Cincinnati pitchers in the last game alone. Two ricocheted off bodies while the other three flew by so quickly that the pitchers, dodging, couldn't field them.

The Orioles clinched their second world championship almost exactly one year to the day after they had lost to the Mets. Then they were totally dejected, but 5,000 people showed up at the Baltimore airport to greet them, and when 5,000 people show up in Baltimore for anything it is usually free or a Colt workout. "Our players got a tremendous lift out of that," said Harry Dalton, the man who is most responsible

continued



Victorious and champs at last, Orioles Etchabarren, Robinson and Cuellar rise to occasion.



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YOU CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO BE DODGE MATERIAL.

for assembling the Oriole club. "Some of our players had tears in their eyes and their wives were crying. There are those who would have you believe that a rah-rah spirit in professional sports doesn't mean anything, but it does. Just as the fans had helped the Mets, the fact that ours still thought so much of us made our players dedicate themselves to returning and getting another chance to win the Series.

"Even though we beat the Dodgers in four straight games in 1966," Dalton continued, "beating Cincinnati is more rewarding because the Reds are such an excellent team. Pitching through the heart of their batting order was like walking through a shooting gallery."

For all their obvious strength, it is doubtful that the Orioles will stand pat during the off season. Their pitching needs some additions because, as Dalton says, "Any department that has 10 men in it can be improved upon." Weaver, too, feels that the Orioles will change, but not much. "We are not going to open up any holes just for the sake of change," he said.

All along they have had the problem of whom to play. Merv Rettenmund, for instance, did not get a chance to start in the Series until the fifth game. Playing in only 106 games during the regular season, he batted .322, hit 18 homers and batted in 58 runs. He is a superior fielder. He responded to his one Series chance by driving in two runs, one with a single and the other with a homer hit to the opposite field. Right behind Rettenmund are six other players ready to challenge the regulars. Their averages with Triple A Rochester of the International League this season ranged from .304 to .384.

The two men who probably will be challenged the least are Powell and Brooks Robinson. Powell, still only 29-years old, has hit 34 homers or more in three of the last five seasons and driven in an average of 97 runs. And Brooks? He is 33, but like some things—say, the replica of the flag that was still there that waved in center field during the Series—he will stay around Baltimore as long as people appreciate third basemen who can snub out bombs bursting in air. Or run the National League all the way back to Cincinnati with only a bat and a glove.

And a little magic, of course. **END**



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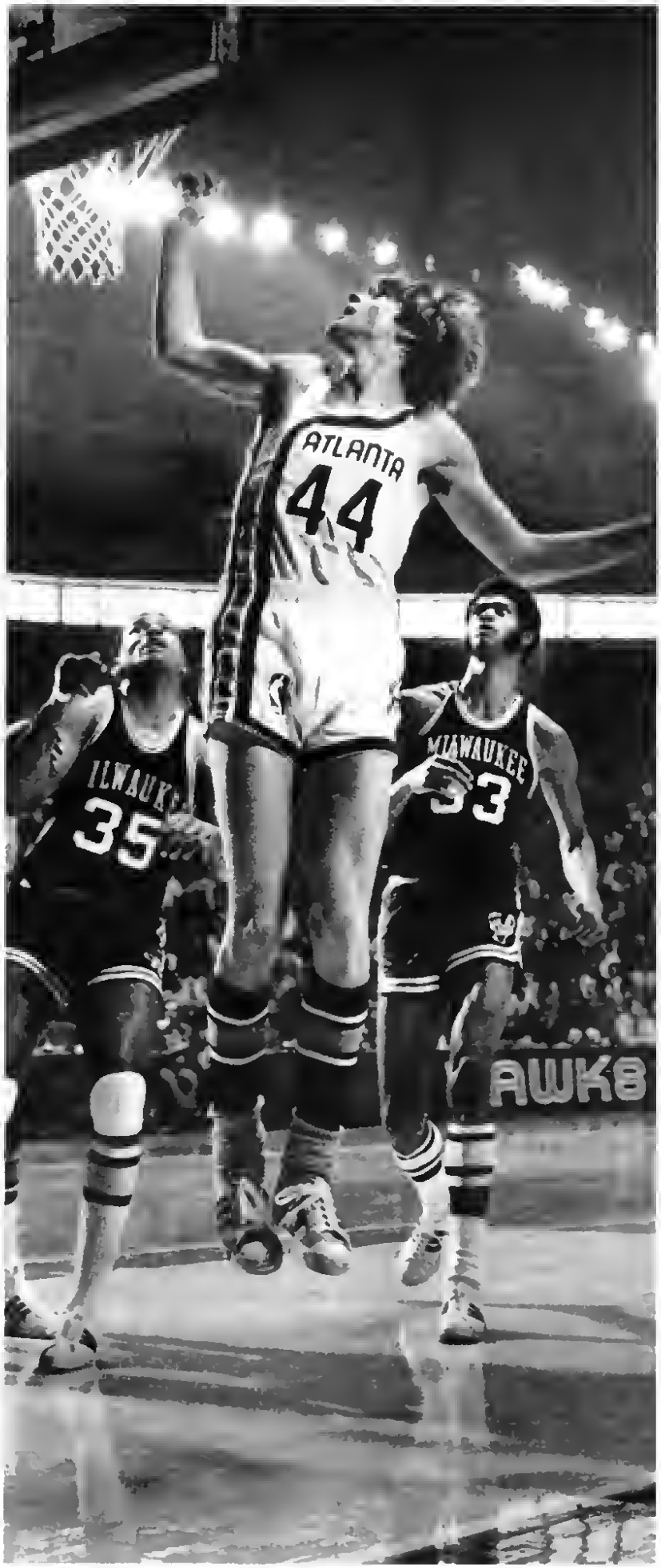
WE HAVE A SLIGHT DELAY IN SHOW TIME

Pete Maravich's debut earned him mixed reviews as Oscar Robertson made his first Buck game a winner

by PETER CARRY

Only one small boy waited in the Saturday afternoon sunshine to collect the autograph of Pete Maravich, who an hour earlier had completed his debut as a professional basketball player. He smiled thinly as he signed "Pistol Pete" on a file card and handed it to the youngster. Then, unimpeded by the attentions of any other fans, Maravich ambled slowly out to the arena parking lot in Atlanta, climbed into his dirty green Plymouth and drove away.

It was a somber ending to what started out as a very promising afternoon. The casting was perfect. Maravich, the top college scorer ever and the master of showmanship with a basketball, would play his first NBA game against Oscar Robertson (*see cover*), formerly the top college scorer and the complete fundamentalist. Maravich's team, the defending Western champion Atlanta Hawks, faced the unofficial crowned princes of all basketball, the Milwaukee Bucks of Robertson and Lew Alcindor. Despite some predictably erratic play, Pete had been the Hawks' second-highest scorer during the exhibition season, while the Bucks had defeated 10 successive opponents. ABC found it all too mouthwatering and added $75,000 to its $17 million TV package with the NBA for



Blond mane flying and lucky socks drooping, Maravich goes in for an uncontested layup.

rights to the game. And a full house of normally football-crazed Georgians sacrificed a beautiful fall day to sit inside and watch another sport.

Theoretically, their instincts were sound. Along with the matchup of two excellent teams, putting Maravich and Robertson on the same floor was a handsome piece of counterpoint. One-on-one Pete came out of college with a reputation for floppy hair, saggy socks and a repertoire of fancy ball-handling stunts. Robertson surely belongs to an older generation. His hair is closely cropped and his wardrobe, as he showed while attending a stockholders' meeting and a press luncheon last week in Milwaukee, tends toward finely tailored brown and dark gray suits. Robertson's playing style is just as meticulous, relying on tempo. He bases his game on the nuances of change of pace and economy of movement. The only flamboyance he allows himself is a hard one-handed pass thrown off the dribble. "Osear does everything exactly the way it should be done—with as few frills and flairs as possible," says Alcindor.

Robertson always seems to jump precisely high enough for his shot to clear an opponent's block and to move exactly as fast as he must to elude a defender. Everything is under control—only his large eyes change, popping open double size when he glances toward the basket to measure a shot. Maravich seemed reluctant to gauge anything as a collegian, preferring to rush in and then rely on instinct and his extraordinary cleverness to turn a dire situation to his advantage. But his desperation dribbles have hurt him during his short time as a pro. In exhibition games he was repeatedly trapped in crowds or chased into corners, where he was unable to fire off anything better than a forced pass or shot. Atlanta Coach Richie Guerin has urged Maravich to control his game, and presumably Pete will not start at least until he does that.

"He's got to discipline himself to the obligations of a guard," says Guerin. "He's got a responsibility in that position to do things I want him to and not just dribble around. He's got to work plays." Walt Hazzard, the Hawks' playmaker who was widely thought to be out of a job when Maravich was drafted last spring, adds, "It's just a different philosophy Pete's got to adjust to, but he'll adjust fast because he's such a good player. He'll learn that the easy way is the best way, and he'll expend less energy than he does now."

Maravich's basic style has indeed become more subdued. There have been fewer behind-the-back passes, less between-the-legs dribbling and none of the obvious crowd pleasers he performed in college, among these the volleyball-serve pass he launched in midair during a tournament game last year. And he has drawn some praise from Guerin, particularly after he played well in last week's practices. "I'm not trying to change Pete," Guerin said. "I'm just trying to get him to use his talents the right way." Ultimately, if Maravich develops into the player the Hawks hoped for when they paid him a bonus of more than $1 million, show time should be back in. But last Saturday was not the time.

It was a fine occasion, however, to examine the Bucks. Best in the NBA during the second half of last season, they have since acquired Robertson, Lucius Allen and Bob Boozer in stunningly lopsided trades in their favor. Milwaukee seems as threatening now as Los Angeles did two years ago when the Lakers obtained Wilt Chamberlain—and far better protected against the twin vulnerabilities of age and injury.

Some of the Bucks' new strengths are obvious; one is Alcindor's improvement. Dick Cunningham, the Bucks' 6′ 10″ substitute center who practices one-on-one with Alcindor, said, "The first time I played against Lew I hit him and I was scared. I thought I had broken his bones. He kind of fell over. Now it's impossible to rough him—he just rolls off and scores. He doesn't even know I'm there most of the time. At first he only used his hook and occasionally a little jumper on the baseline. Now I never see him use the same move twice against me in practice."

Alcindor has been helped by Robertson and Allen, who get him the ball more often and in better position than the backcourt men who were humiliated by New York in the playoffs last season. The problems that were supposed to arise because of two superstars on one team have yet to surface, and probably never will. Lew has a firm grasp of what he calls "the totality of the game." He knows it should be played by five men, preferably the best available.

On Saturday the Hawks led by six points when Maravich entered the game at the start of the second period. He quickly helped his team to a 16-point edge. The loudest cheer of the afternoon erupted when Pete broke up a Milwaukee fast break with an interception, dribbled full court to his own foul line and shot a jumper that jiggled around the top of the basket before dropping through for his first professional field goal. Maravich again looked good two minutes later when he scored on a showy break engineered by Hazzard, but that was all. As the lead changed hands in the third period, it was Pete's desperation cross-court pass that was snatched away by the Bucks' Bob Dandridge. The interception led to a breakaway basket that, more than any other play, shifted the momentum to Milwaukee.

Maravich finished the game with seven points, not embarrassing when compared with Robertson's 15. Osear missed several of the 15 layups the Bucks failed to sink, but when he was double-teamed, as he will be often this year, his teammates, particularly Lew and Dandridge, used their scoring chances well.

Ultimately, Milwaukee won on defense. In the middle of the third period Coach Larry Costello switched his quick, young forwards onto Atlanta's slick backcourt man Lou Hudson, who had scored 22 points. They held him to five points over the last 18 minutes. The final score was 107–98, the eighth time in 11 games since the exhibitions began that the Bucks have limited their opponents to fewer than 100 points. As New York did a year ago, they will win many games even when their offense is less effective than it can be.

In the Hawks' tiny, crowded dressing room, Maravich sat motionless, his head bowed and his long forelocks hanging down for half an hour after the game. When he finally dressed, only two reporters remained to talk with him. ABC-TV had long since gone off to a football game. "What I played, it's called Bad Ball," he said. "Physically I was ready, I was playing better. Even the coach said so. But I wasn't ready emotionally. I was totally flushed the minute after I took my first shot. I felt like a ghost was sitting on me." Then he turned and walked out to meet his lone admirer. The day will come when there will be a lot more. **END**

25 THE SILVER SEASON

On its 25th anniversary, professional basketball sits for a unique portrait. Artist Douglas Gorsline views the sport's swirling combat as in a fractured looking glass, jaggedly juxtaposing fragments of action to create the illusion of motion. In his multiple images, colliding hips and elbows, twisting torsos and charging legs all hang on the edge of violence until the abrupt punctuation of the referee's whistle. On the following pages a literal cross section of fans around the arenas bears testimony to the game's own population explosion, and some of the famous participants are captured by the Gorsline technique. Finally, the artist interprets the tedium experienced by players in continous flight to one-night battlegrounds, their oversize frames crammed into planes that were built for the comfort of smaller men.

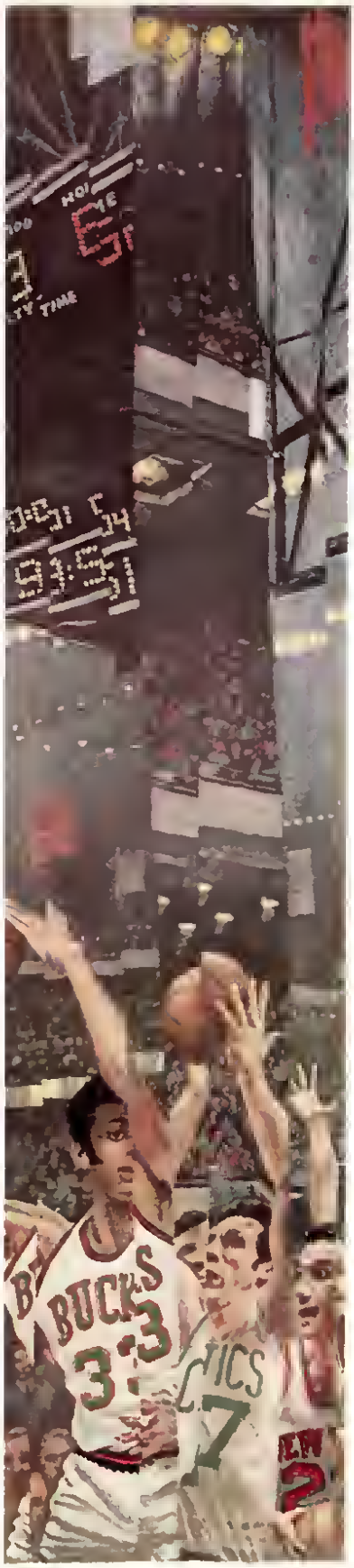

CELTICS
17
ROYALS
5
33




Gorsline



In slices of action from a dozen arenas, Knicks Willis Reed (19) and Walt Frazier (10), Buck Lew Alcindor (33) and Celt John Havlicek (17) are among those caught in distinctive moves.


BUCKS
3:3
CICS
7



CELEBRATION IN THE SEVENTIES

In a 36-hour period last summer, while Dow-Jones was steadily insisting that bears were in control of the market, the new Cleveland Cavaliers of the National Basketball Association sold $2,250,000 worth of stock in their franchise. The 5,000 new part owners are all Ohioans, among them little old ladies in May Craig hats who brought their capital (minimum $100 per investor) in brown paper bags, and small boys who now come up to Cleveland Coach Bill Fitch at clinics and tell—not advise—him how to make the expansion team a winner. "I'm one of your owners" is how they introduce themselves.

Cleveland is not the only place where pro basketball's stock is solidly bullish. The NBA's attendance has increased 250% over the last five seasons despite the competition of the young American Basketball Association. The ABA has somehow survived a sickly infancy and will merge with the older league as soon as Congress grants the antitrust immunity permitting completion of the deal.

The NBA could not have wished for a neater pre-anniversary present than having the Knicks win the championship last season. The victory gained nationwide attention for the game in New York-based media and dispelled any doubt that pro basketball would escalate in the '70s as pro football did in the '60s.

Despite impending boom, the pros must come to grips with a number of serious problems. Six ABA teams will play this season in areas that are either untested or have proved to be apathetic to the sport, and several NBA franchises have yet to benefit from the league's growth except through expansion fees. Since trading Oscar Robertson, Cincinnati has suffered a drop in season ticket sales, and the Royals are planning more giveaways than daytime TV. At various games, fans will receive emblems, sweat shirts, balls, caps, gym bags, T shirts, shoes, turkeys, panty hose, hams and, as a sort of slap shot at the Royals' own game, hockey pucks. "Ever held a hockey puck in your hand?" asks Cincy General Manager Joe Axelson in a memo to Royals' fans. "Makes a great conversation piece."

While acquiring all that loot, Cincy fans should find second-year Guard Norm Van Lier a grand conversation piece, too. It takes a full season for many a top player to find himself in the pros, and some of this year's stars will come from among last year's rookies. These include Van Lier, Boston's Jo Jo White, the Bucks' Lucius Allen, Baltimore's Fred Carter, Buffalo's Dick Garrett and the Floridians' Mack Calvin, who are all good, quick and now experienced guards. Milwaukee's Bob Dandridge and Utah's Willie Wise are among the forwards in the same class. Previews of all NBA and ABA teams start on the following page. —PETER CARRY

To the pros, flying constantly, the season saems like one long approach to an endless runway.

ATLANTIC

The '70 Knicks are even better, and the Buffalo Knicks are best of the new teams

Just before the Buffalo Braves, the most promising of the NBA's three new expansion teams, broke training camp in Niagara Falls, Coach Dolph Schayes decided to take in that city's most famous tourist attraction. Surrounded by the inevitable honeymooners, he set out aboard the *Maid of the Mist* into the frothy waters beneath the falls. "Think of it," marveled Schayes, his long frame draped in a black raincoat. "Those falls help produce electricity for the whole Northeast." Schayes had reason to be awed by the area's power situation, for realignment puts his Braves in the Atlantic Division with three teams that together have won the last 12 NBA titles—Boston 10 of them, Philadelphia one and New York one.

The NBA's power grids are interdependent, too; Buffalo is stocked with half a dozen ex-Knicks, three of them fresh off last year's championship team. Despite the drain, New York should be improved—and it will need every last kilowatt to fend off the Milwaukee Bucks. The Knicks will be strengthened most by the return of Phil Jackson after a spinal fusion. The gangly Jackson will back up Willis Reed, still recovering from the hip injury he suffered in the playoffs, and he also will deliver welcome rebounding help. Last year the Knicks compensated for their lack of size up front—Reed, at 6′ 10″, is not tall as NBA centers go, while Dave DeBusschere and Bill Bradley are almost Lilliputian—with superb shooting, plus the wiles of Walt Frazier, whose ball hawking obscured the fact that he led all NBA guards in rebounding. Then, too, the Knicks' aggressive team defense forced so many turnovers that, as Reed says, "It didn't matter if we failed to get the rebound. We'd get the ball anyway."

New York's formula—more mobility than muscle—is also followed by Boston and Philadelphia, but each lacks a take-charge center of Reed's caliber. The 76ers are seasoned but aging, the Celtics young but improving. When Boston took the court for a preseason game in Tallahassee, Fla., veteran Referee Jack Madden turned to John Havlicek and asked, "Who are those guys with you, anyway?" Well, those guys can run like no Boston team in years, much of the impetus coming from such youngsters as Jo Jo White, suddenly the consummate offensive guard, and long-striding Don Chaney, a defensive expert who has now learned to shoot, too. The ones who will get them the ball, and do some running themselves, are the irrepressible Havlicek, a one-man gang on last year's demoralized team, Don Nelson and redhaired Dave Cowens, the first-round draft choice from Florida State and a high-flying forward whom Coach Tom Heinsohn also plans to use at center.

The 76ers drafted poorly a year ago, turned to a computer for help, then drafted poorly again. Although Hal Greer will need more rest, the 76ers have ABA-bound Billy Cunningham for another year, which means they should continue to score well. But so should the opposition. Philly gave up more points than eight other teams in the league last year, and the man who could be most helpful in improving that record, Luke Jackson, is still recovering from old ailments.

It might even be that Schayes' new Buffalo club will play better defense than the 76ers, this because of a flock of quick guards led by stylish ex-Laker Dick Garrett. Offense is something else, and the Braves will probably resort to the one-on-one thrusts of Baltimore eastoff Mike Davis, who likes to play ball with a toothpick in his mouth, and ex-Knick Don May. The team's progress could depend on that of John Hummer, the rookie from Princeton who is shaped like Davis' toothpick but shows poise and is learning to shoot from outside. Although they should fatten up on the other expansion teams, an omen of how the Braves are likely to fare overall came after their first game ever, the preseason opener in Wooster, Ohio, which they won over Cleveland 97–95. On the way home the team bus ran out of fuel at 2:30 a.m., forcing all hands to seek shelter in a nearby motel. You might call it the division's first power failure.



Dave Cowens, clutching a rebound Buffalo's John Hummer misses, helps bring Boston back.

CENTRAL

As Cincy awaits the fruits of revolution it's Atlanta's Bell-Bottoms vs the Baltimore Knees









Emil Voodak, who kept the East on edge for years with his radical tactics as an active agent in Boston, has just about completed his managerial revolution in Cincinnati. He has run two of the city's leading citizens out of town, and many of their accomplices with them, and replaced them with a cadre of his own. He has silenced the last voices of opposition within his organization and reigns supreme. Last summer, befitting his Bolshevik tendencies, he grew a full beard as he plotted strategy for the coming season. The beard was not for purposes of disguise; by then everyone knew Voodak by his real name: Bob Cousy. Cooz used the Voodak pseudonym as a cover-up on airline manifests, hotel registers and correspondence in order to keep the press off the trail while he was plotting with Cincy officials to take over the Royals. What he will do to keep the local press off his back this year is another matter.

With almost no one left from the Lucas-Robertson era, Cousy will give Cincinnati plenty of excitement, if not a winning team—especially when rookie Guard Nate Archibald is on the court. Archibald reminds Cousy of himself as a beginning pro, "a throwback," as he describes Nate, to the days of the quick, sure ball handlers who dominated the game before the giants took over. Archibald and Norm Van Lier make a skillful, imaginative pair in backcourt, adept at penetrating defenses, but they cannot mask the deficiencies of a front line that depends on 36-year-old Johnny Green for most of its rebounding. The revolution requires a five-year plan before it approaches fulfillment.

The division's established powers, Atlanta and Baltimore, will provide excitement, too, if only because of the presence of Pete Maravich and Earl Monroe. And their battle for first place, which Atlanta should win, figures to be the tightest among the NBA's four divisions. The Hawks' new blue and lime-green uniforms, complete with bell-bottomed warmup pants, go well with the mod ensembles of Coach Richie Guerin, who was showing off a double-breasted, flare-trousered gray suit with pink stripes during the exhibition season. Maravich will be called on when the Atlanta attack turns dull, he will not be a starter. He and another rookie, UCLA's John Vallely, are talented, if inexperienced, backup guards behind regulars Walt Hazzard and Lou Hudson. Guerin can start any of four strong frontcourt combinations, but his most versatile player, Joe Caldwell, is unlikely to be among them. Caldwell will be coming in off the bench, giving the Hawks the best sixth man in the league.

The old fraternity cheer "Rah-rah ree, kick'm in the knee; rah-rah rass, kick'm in the other knee" brings no laughs in Baltimore, where the definition of good health is having only one sore knee. Monroe had both of his operated on last summer, and four other Bullets are recovering from or are having knee problems, including top draft pick 6' 11" George Johnson. Johnson was expected to give Baltimore frontcourt depth, but his immobility in preseason games indicated he would have difficulty guarding anything more elusive than a tree and he has been put on the injured list for the season.

Still, the Bullets will have the league's most volatile offense. Nobody clears defensive rebounds with the authority of Center Wes Unseld, which enables the always fast-breaking Bullets to begin their attack deeper in opposition territory than any other team. And when it stalls, Monroe—short of his requiring a cane—is a most frustrating man to handle one-on-one.

Frustration will be the theme in Cleveland all season. The Cavaliers have the weakest personnel of the three expansion teams. Cleveland's only edge is in coaching. Bill Fitch, who came to the Cavaliers from the University of Minnesota, is a bright, fast-working team builder, and his eye is on the future. Secretaries in the Cleveland front office will be practicing calling coin flips all winter, and the one with the highest percentage of correct choices will call the season-end toss when the Cavs flip with the other last-place finishers to determine which drafts first. It will be their only chance to be higher than fourth all year.

Far from any revolution, the Central Division will feature that old American standard, a two-team race.

CONTINUED

MIDWEST

Here comes the Milwaukee dynasty, and there goes the chance for a four-team division race

Harvey Marlatt of Eastern Michigan University was the 16th and final choice of the Detroit Pistons in last spring's college draft, and he has turned out to be something of a sleeper. Unlike most low draft picks, he was not cut after the rookie tryout camp in June but was invited to join the Piston regulars in preseason training. With one move in an early practice session, Marlatt put himself in line to be remembered as the player who made it possible for Detroit to enjoy its first winning season ever. He unintentionally positioned himself so that Bob Lanier, Detroit's million-dollar rookie center, could fall over him.

Until he tripped over Marlatt, Lanier was still hobbled by adhesions that formed as his right knee healed following an operation last March. He would not have been ready to play effectively until all those adhesions disappeared, and Marlatt provided a total, if painful, solution to the problem. "We were watching practice, and suddenly Bob fell and let out a tremendous scream," remembers Piston General Manager Ed Coil. "Then everything went absolutely *quiet*. Bob knew what had happened—it hurt, but he wasn't worried. *I* was scared stiff."

Lanier, 20 pounds overweight and apparently reluctant to test his still tender knee, has shown only brief glimpses so far of the power he is expected to supply at both ends of the court. Fortunately for Detroit, two other young players, Terry Driscoll and Steve Mix, are eager scramblers and rebounders. They can get the ball to Dave Bing and Jimmy Walker, who know what to do with it.

The length of time it requires Lanier to push himself into top playing condition may determine which of three teams—Detroit, Phoenix or Chicago—wins the second playoff spot in the Midwest. The Milwaukee Bucks must be considered heavy favorites to take first place and should win the playoffs as well. Without Oscar Robertson and Lucius Allen, and in Lew Alcindor's rookie season, the Bucks won 56 games last year, a total equaled or surpassed only 11 times in the past 10 seasons (the Celtics did it six times). Alcindor's improvement is going to amaze those who thought last season that he could hardly be better. Oscar's presence as playmaker and scorer strengthens the team immeasurably, and Allen's versatility at slipping through defenses and working without the ball will hardly be a surprise to those who saw him play with Lew at UCLA. A dynasty is in the making here.

Over the past two seasons only Milwaukee has improved more rapidly than Phoenix. The Suns, who lost the coin flip for the right to draft Alcindor two years ago, ended up with the finest consolation prize ever handed out: Connie Hawkins. Usually an amenable sort, Hawkins was upset this summer when he heard that Cotton Fitzsimmons of Kansas State would be the Suns' new coach. "Connie called me," said General Manager Jerry Colangelo, "and he asked, 'Hey, what is this? I've been reading Eldridge Cleaver all summer and you go out and hire a coach named Cotton!' " Fitzsimmons was equally concerned about his relationship with Hawkins, but Connie played in the exhibition games with all the untroubled abandon his remarkable talents allow, and Cotton seemed to enjoy every minute of it. Fitzsimmons is obliged to stop smiling when his eyes wander to center. There, 7-foot Mel Counts, a natural forward obtained in a trade with the Lakers, and second-year man Neal Walk will try to contend, almost surely ineffectively, with the league's better pivotmen.

Chicago, lacking the talent of Phoenix and Detroit, still tied the Suns for third place in last season's Western Division race. The Bulls will again be waiting for Chet Walker to wiggle in for a winning basket or for Jerry Sloan to pull a decisive steal. Coach Dick Motta has done an extraordinary job with a very ordinary team. He came up with a surprise a year ago in Forward Bob Love, who scored 20 points a game, is quick (unlike most of his teammates) and slips in for many of his baskets off offensive rebounds. This year there will also be slender John Baum, who led Temple to the NIT championship in 1969. After a year in the Army, Baum is still an amazing leaper, a fine shooter and very fast.



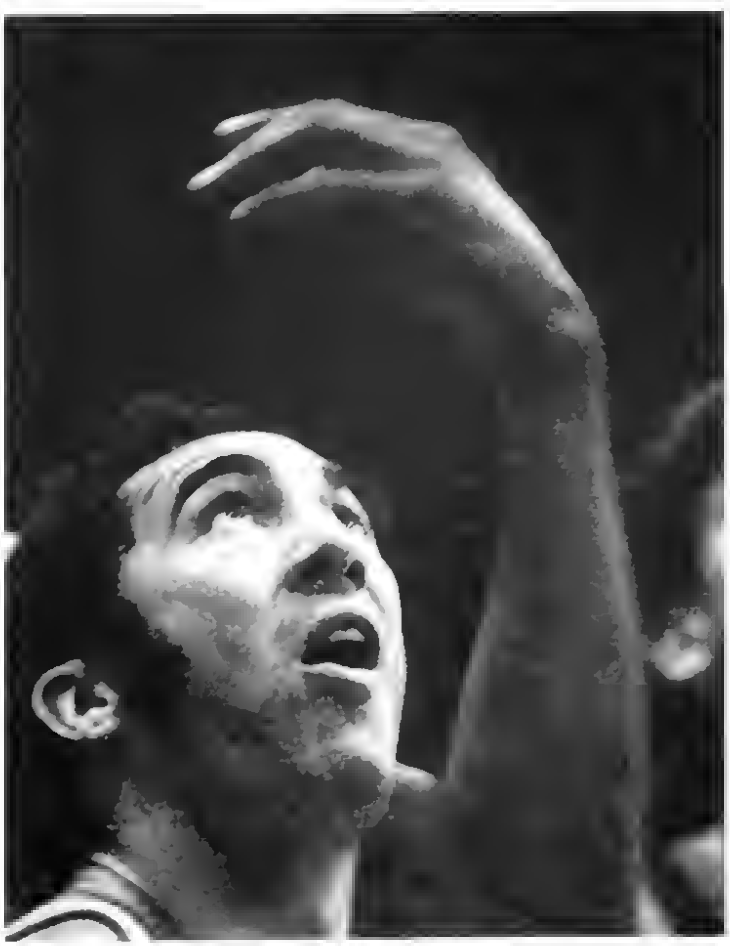
PACIFIC

One more year, at least, for those hot shooters from L.A., while Alex Hannum prepares his coup

The San Diego International Sports Arena, where the Rockets play their home games, could just as easily be called The Center for Personality Studies, Professor Alex Hannum presiding. Hannum's coaching and the team's depth—in that order—are the reasons why San Diego should beat out the other also-rans for the second playoff spot behind L.A. But while he coaches, Alex must keep an eye on much more than the normal run of people problems.

At his best, Elvin Hayes is one of the top players in the game. This year, relieved of his real or imagined difficulties with Don Kojis (traded to Seattle) and Coach Jack McMahon (now with the ABA's Condors), he should be able to erase the pout and stop interpreting routine intrasquad wrangling as being directed against him personally. Playing a high post, Hayes will continue to be the man who takes the most shots, particularly now that Larry Siegfried is there to get the ball to him. Siegfried was acquired from Portland in exchange for Jim Barnett—probably the all-time All-Flake trade in NBA history. In his brief career, Barnett has already become captain of the All-Flakers, and Siegfried's record of eccentricity goes back to his Ohio State days. But Larry is also a player of quality and one of the best brains in the business. He should run Hannum's set offense with a sure hand.

Those brittle Los Angeles heroes—34-year-old Wilt Chamberlain, 32-year-old Jerry West and 36-year-old Elgin Baylor—missed 96 games among them a year ago. These days Wilt and West seem in good shape, but Baylor has a sore right heel. He also tends to relax when the other team has the ball. The Lakers remain a group of individuals—able and willing, but individuals nevertheless—rather than a team. Because of Joe Mullaney they will play some defense, but the offense continues to be one-on-one and catch-as-catch-can. There is so much scoring ability, however, from Wilt down to Gail Goodrich, that the Lakers are the class of the division.



Testing the knee on which Detroit's hopes hang, Bob Lanier leaps over Chicago's Jim Fox.

Before making an unfavorable trade with Milwaukee, Seattle rated a fair chance of beating out San Diego for second place. The team had won 21 of its last 36 games, and then had acquired Don Kojis. But then came that trade. The Sonics gave up Lucius Allen, an ideal backcourt partner for Len Wilkens, and Bob Boozer, who will score regardless of what uniform he wears. In return all they received was Don Smith, who might solve their rebounding problem if he gets over his unhappiness at losing the playoff shares he would have drawn in Milwaukee. Seattle also lost its No. 1 draft choice, Jim Ard, to the ABA Nets. Ard might have taken over at center and allowed Bob Rule to play the corner, a position he prefers.

With all these troubles, Seattle is still far better off than San Francisco and Portland. The Warriors have rights of one kind or another to a front line of Rick Barry, Nate Thurmond and Zelmo Beaty, but only Nate will be around this season, and it remains to be seen how much *his* problems affect his play. So far this year he has had a second operation on his right knee, announced his retirement and engaged in a summer-long battle with Owner Franklin Mieuli. Undeniably, he is injury-prone, and it is possible that worry about injury is hampering him as much as his knees. Sadly, too, nearly all the other Warrior starters seem to be hurt more of the time than healthy.

It is most difficult of all to find anything cheerful about the scene in Portland, except the possibility that the city's reaction to its first major league team of any kind will be encouraging. But inexperience is the hallmark of coach and front office, and the only player worth even a tentative superlative is a rookie. Princeton's Geoff Petrie can run and shoot. His teammates are all rejects from one club or another—in some cases, several—and they constitute a perfect example of how greed and ineptitude among the owners cripple the chances for success of expansion teams and embarrass the whole sport.

CONTINUED

EAST

In a weak division of regional roamers Kentucky now has the big men to be best



Kentucky's Issel and Indiana's Daniels, probable playoff rivals, rehearse in a preseason match.

As a partner in the Manhattan ad agency of Doyle Dane Bernbach, Ned Doyle had a hand in creating those wry Volkswagen ads extolling that car's resistance to yearly model changes. Now retired and the new owner of the Miami Floridians, he considers no change too sweeping INSTEAD OF FIRING THE COACH, WE'VE FIRED THE TEAM, he has proclaimed in full-page newspaper ads. Indeed, Doyle has made last year's team a study in forced obsolescence; of its 12 players, only Center Skip Thoren is still around. Pretty drastic stuff, but this is the ABA, where you really can't tell the players without a program or the teams without Rand McNally. Doyle's club, for instance, also has shortened its name to, simply, the Floridians and, encouraged by the box-office success of the Carolina Cougars, has become a regional franchise that will spread home games among Jacksonville, Tampa, West Palm Beach and Miami Beach. Whatever the success of that move, the team will be lucky to finish fourth in its division.

Including Carolina and the Washington Caps, who have crossed the Potomac to become the Virginia Squires, half of the Eastern Division's six teams have now gone regional in search of solvency. Another club seeking financial succor is the Pittsburgh Pipers. Under new ownership, it decided to stay put but to signify a fresh start by holding a contest to select a new name. The winning entry was the Pioneers, but problems resulted, including the fact that at least 80 colleges already use that name. So the Pipers-turned-Pioneers wound up as the Condors, a species of bird in danger of extinction. This hardly augurs well in a city that has three times rebuffed pro basketball teams.

Minus Indiana, which switched to the West, the East should have a close race among Kentucky, Virginia and New York, with Kentucky enjoying an edge on paper. Carolina, worst in the league on offense last year, has not improved sufficiently to be a factor. Kentucky has one of the league's healthier franchises, and in the guard-oriented ABA it boasts three of the best in Lou Dampier, Darel Carrier and Mike Pratt to go with a vastly improved front line that acquires Dan Issel and Cincy Powell.

Another gifted rookie who will aid his team immeasurably is Virginia's Charlie Scott. He and Doug Moe, acquired from Carolina, should bring the Squires way up from last year's third-place finish. The team says good riddance to dreary Washington Arena, where crowds were so sparse, complains Guard Mike Barrett, that "I could hear the echo when I dribbled," and will play in Norfolk, Hampton, Roanoke and Richmond. Next year Virginia will have three first-round draft choices, one of which it received, along with cash, from the New York Nets in exchange for Rick Barry.

Barry wanted no part of Virginia but should be happy in New York, which is product-endorsement country. If he can avoid injuries for a change, the deal should also profit the Nets, who need a genuine star to compete with the Knicks for the loyalties of New York fans. Their attendance last year was one-seventh that of the Knicks, and they had to put on a late-season drive to win a playoff spot. One player of Barry's caliber should assure the playoffs again this season, though the roster is filled with more run-of-the-court names than most other ABA teams. At the Nets' first practice, Barry's new teammates, inspired by thoughts of Broadway Joe, dubbed him "Hempstead Rick," because the Nets play home games not in New York but—get out Rand McNally again—in the Long Island suburb of West Hempstead.

As for Pittsburgh, its young Condors hardly intend to allow themselves to become extinct. The squad includes talented but overweight rookie Mike Maloy and Simmie Hill and John Brisker—both solid performers. Here as elsewhere individual talent in the ABA keeps getting better, but it will remain just that—individual talent—until the league stops shuffling personnel long enough to allow development of something resembling team play.



WEST

The closest race in both leagues should help the gate but have a familiar finish

The Denver Rockets' Spencer Haywood is no longer a hardship case. Since signing a $1 million contract last year, though he had two seasons of college eligibility remaining, Haywood has won the ABA's scoring title, rebounding championship and Most Valuable Player award and moved into a plush apartment on the 38th floor of the Brooks Towers in Denver. There is not much left for Haywood to do for an encore except lead Denver to the ABA championship, a project he has been working on during the summer by running up the Brooks Towers' 42 flights of stairs twice a day.

The Rocket front office has also been taking a few steps to line up some help for Haywood in what should be the tightest divisional race in either league. Denver traded the ABA's leading career scorer, Larry Jones, to Florida for a big guard, 6′ 5″ Larry Cannon, and 6′ 9″ All-Star Forward Don Sidle. And the Rockets found another hardship case in Ralph Simpson, the Michigan State sophomore who could be as wealthy and as well decorated as Haywood by this time next year. Simpson, who is 6′ 5″ and plays superbly at either forward or guard, was a public-image problem for the ABA commissioner's office, which did not want to get into another hassle with college coaches for stealing one of their best players. The courts took the commissioner off the hook by forcing the league to allow Simpson to play. He is now one of the ABA's top assets.

Denver will need all those assets to defeat Indiana, the defending champion and favorite this year. The Pacers, shifted from the East for geographical reasons though the move greatly weakened that division, retain their NBA-style front line of big Mel Daniels and Bob Netolicky and smooth Roger Brown. And they add Rick Mount, the crack-shot rookie guard from Purdue. They will bring Mount along slowly, a luxury few other ABA teams could afford, but he should be a starter by the playoffs, if not sooner.

The Utah (ex-Los Angeles) Stars came along very quickly at the end of last year after finishing the first half of the season in last place. The Stars knocked Denver out of the playoffs and extended the Pacers to six games in the finals. They may do even better this time with ex-NBA All-Star Zelmo Beaty jumping over to play center. Beaty and most of the other Stars are extraordinary shooters who shun rebounding and defense. That should provide some unhappy nights for Coach Bill Sharman and some very busy ones for 6′ 6″ Willie Wise, star of Stars and one of the few to realize that there is more to basketball than scoring. Wise, a second-year man from Drake, was the biggest surprise among last year's rookies. Even during the playoffs, when he was hobbled by painful spurs in both ankles, he was the team's best all-round player.

Also not worrying about where their next two points are coming from are the Texas (ex-Dallas) Chaparrals. The Chaps were the highest-scoring team in the ABA last year. All those baskets brought them second place behind Denver, but more of the same—without defense—may not take them higher than fourth this year. One partial solution to the problem, being tried by Coach Maxie Williams, is to have 6′ 9″ Gene Moore, acquired in a trade with Kentucky, play forward on offense but center on defense. That will shift Manny Leaks out of the middle when Texas does not have the ball. "I can't get Leaks to pick up anybody coming through the middle," says Williams. "He takes his man D.K., but when somebody else zips through, he gets mad. He figures somebody should have stuck with that man."

Memphis (ex-New Orleans) is being called, simply, the Pros while the new management runs a contest to find a permanent name. The answer is right on the Pros' roster: the Memphis Joneses—Steve, Jimmy and Wilbert. They should provide some interesting-looking box scores and, since Jimmy and Steve averaged 42 points a game between them last season, most of the excitement in Memphis. The Pros will play 12 "home" games at sites outside Memphis, including, aptly, Jonesboro, Ark., which may help some of the team's new local fans to maintain enthusiasm. The Joneses finished in the cellar last year and have the same problems once again. **END**



MAN CANNOT LIVE BY FREEDOM ALONE.

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But for some of them there is hope. Because something is being done.

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The course exposed the students to sophisticated electronic equipment, and to scientific thinking with a practical end.

It was a big success.

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Of those who graduated from the course, many went on to college.

In a low-income area of Trenton, New Jersey, Shell has opened a modern packaging plant.

The objective is to make it a business that is owned-and-operated by people of different minority groups.

Business is solicited on a competitive basis, not as a "give-us-the-work-and-you'll-be-helping-the-underdog" plea.

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SHELL



◉

◉ Question: What are those people doing scattered out there in the street? Answer: Observing Survival Day, of course. In Ottawa the Society to Stop Pollution (STOP) convinced the city council to ban downtown automobile traffic for a day. People walked, cycled or jogged vigorously to work. And some two dozen public figures, including three members of Parliament and **Jean Chrètian,** Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, signed up for a bike race in all that clean, healthy air. Chrètian is the chap temporarily upright there on the left—seconds later he was down, bonking his head on the curb. He wanted to go on, stout fellow, but the antipollution point had been made. He was talked out of it on the grounds that survival isn't worth killing yourself for.

Sporting Bust of the Week:

Here come **Manuel Sala,** a Louisiana businessman, and **J. C. Williams,** Treasury Department regional executive, both struggling for the 4th green at the Gulf Hills course in Ocean Springs, Miss. Williams slices another shot into the rough and, looking for his ball, spots two fully packed suitcases. Authorities are notified and the suitcases are staked out. Sure enough, along comes a sixsome to claim them. This makes for an arresting moment, since the suitcases are fully packed with something like $30,000 worth of LSD, hashish and marijuana.

Next morning the two are back on the course. This time it takes Sala 30 strokes to cover two holes and Williams, he says, wasn't much better. "We are awful golfers," he admits. Which isn't all bad. If there had been any more dope out there, they surely would have found it.

To celebrate the centenary of the Rugby Football Union a new paperback called *Touchdown* has been published in Britain. It contains, among other things, **Richard Burton's** account of his last attempt at rugby, a game "played against a [Welsh] village . . . with a team composed almost entirely of colliers." Burton, who played serious rugby from the age of 10 to that point in his career where clauses forbidding it were written into his contracts, says of his last game that he was in trouble from the early cry of "*Ble ma't blydi* film star '*ma*?" (Where's the bloody film star here?). After an account of the beating he took, Burton recalls that he played Hamlet on the following Monday "with my head permanently on one side and my right arm in an imaginary sling, intermittently crooked and cramped with occasional severe shakes and involuntary shivers, as of one with palsy. I suppose to the connoisseurs of Hamlets it was a departure from your traditional Prince . . . a melancholy Dane he was, though. Melancholy he most certainly was."

And a postseason salute to the Unsung Hero of the Series:

Last year **Gordon MacRae** did *The Star-Spangled Banner*—a capella, yet—at Shea Stadium. This year "I was really looking forward to singing it again in New York or Chicago," he said. "I'm working in Chicago, so it would have been convenient if the Cubs had won the flag. But I was even willing to fly to New York in the event the Mets took it. But what did they do? Both lost. I am disappointed."

Actually, Gordon, the Cubs and the Mets didn't feel too terrific about it, either.

Of course, the One-Liner Award of the Week goes to **Casey Stengel,** also at the Series, who growled in one line, "One thing about the Orioles even the pigeons have confidence in them when Cincinnati is at bat the pigeons fly down and start eating peanuts off the field."

A special toy-car race will be televised live on the *Ed Sullivan Show* Nov. 15—but kids don't get to play. The contestants will be those big boys **Stirling Moss, Jackie Stewart, Graham Hill** and **Dan Gurney.** "They must assemble their own racing kits, provided by the toy company, in order to practice," says Gurney's manager, **Max Muhleman,** "and so far they've all been too busy." Reason for practice is that the tiny cars require a delicate touch; too heavy a hand on the power switch, and they jump the track. But come showtime all four will bring to bear some of the wildest driving ever seen. That's because the race is for $50,000, and the first-place purse will be $35,000—which compares pretty spectacularly with $10,800 for a first at Le Mans. "I have never raced for money like *that* before," says Moss. "You're darned right I'm going to practice." Still, at week's end the three European drivers were all traveling, and as for Gurney, was he in shape? "Much to our dismay," says Muhleman, "he is not. But you may report that he will shortly be practicing feverishly. In fact, you may report that his manager hopes that he will be practicing his fanny off."

Where have you gone, **Vince DiMaggio**—or whoever you are—has been the big question around Dallas ever since it turned out that the guy who hit town last spring saying he was Vince DiMaggio was not. He had a lot of scrapbooks and a good line, and persuaded Dallas financier Henry Helm to back a DiMaggio spaghetti house featuring "the same recipes we use at the family restaurant in San Francisco." But when the local press printed his picture "Vince" was suddenly called out of town. Then Helm saw a shot of Joe and his brothers in a national magazine and got suspicious. One quick call to San Francisco and the real Vince DiMaggio stood up, "I want to get this guy off the street before he gives me a bad name," Vince said of the scrapbook-bearing sneak who had pulled the imposter trick before. O.K., but what happens to Helm and the spaghetti house on Lemmon Avenue? "You've got money invested," DiMaggio told him, "and if you feel like the name is everything, then leave it." And off he went to brief Helm's chef on those recipes they use in the family restaurant in San Francisco.

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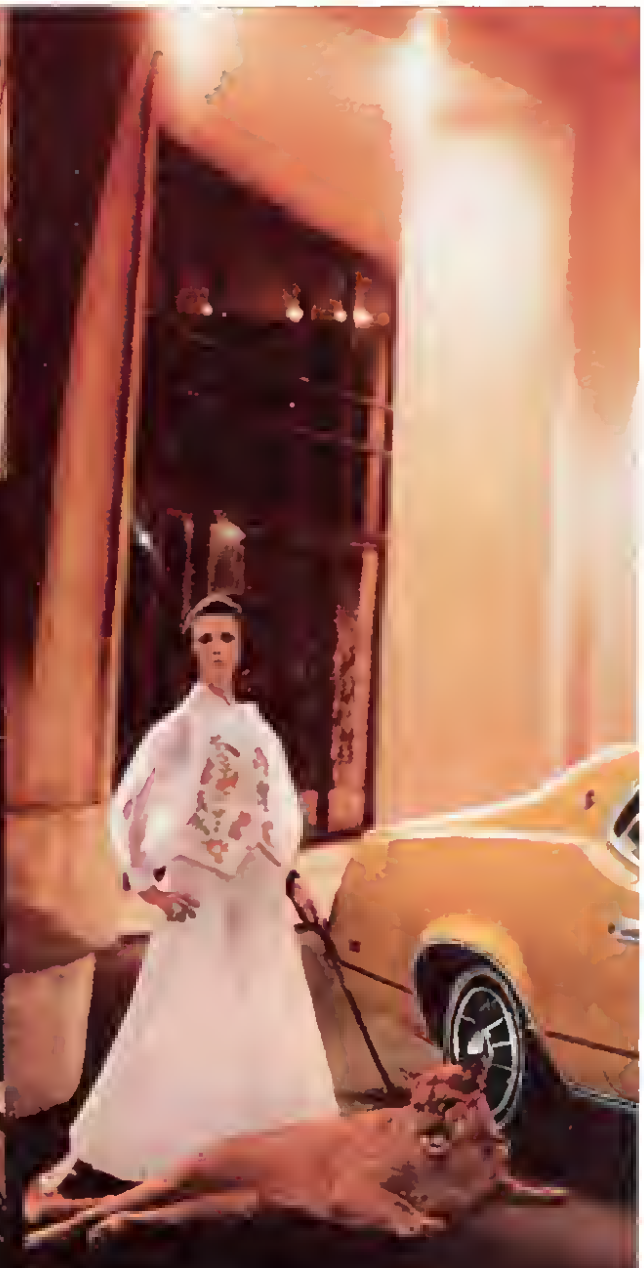
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Reports of Li'l Joe's death were premature

So spindly was Joe Theismann when he entered Notre Dame that coaches were guilt-stricken. Not so now. Shrewdly guiding what may be Ara Parseghian's best Irish team, he engineered a solid victory over Mizzou

When Joe Theismann went to pick up his high school diploma he could barely lift it. At 5' 11" and 148 pounds he looked like a strip of lean bacon wrapped around a long straw, and when Notre Dame invited him to come and play quarterback, he said, "No, sir, I'd rather live." He figured those Irish Catholics must be looking to wipe out the German Methodists, starting with the tall skinny ones. Lordy, he said, they want to put me in for the Gipper. Let's win one for the recent Joe Theismann.

Aw, come on out for a chat, said Ara Parseghian, whose ancestors used to sell rugs to the Persians. O.K. said Theismann, but if any defensive tackles from Purdue show up at the airport I'm not getting off the plane. He went and Parseghian chatted, and Theismann wound up buying a bearskin to throw in front of the fireplace and four years of football at Notre Dame. Back home in Northern New Jersey a local paper head lined a story LITTLE JOE TO GET KILLED AT NOTRE DAME. "I've got to admit it," he told friends, "that story really ticked me off."

When Theismann showed up at Notre Dame in the fall of 1967 to report in as a freshman, two assistant coaches, Johnny Ray and Joe Yonto, were at the airport to meet him. As he stepped from the plane, Ray grabbed Yonto's arm and said, "Who's that skinny kid?"

"That's the quarterback Parseghian recruited."

"Oh, no," said Ray, closing his eyes. "They're going to break his neck."

And then even Parseghian began to have misgivings. The first time the freshmen scrimmaged the varsity the Notre Dame coach took another look at the pipestem he had recruited and he winced. Parseghian moaned, "He really *is* going to get killed."

But Theismann survived, of course, although at times it was a toss-up, and he grew one inch up and 29 pounds around, and the only people getting killed were those big guys from Purdue and Michigan State and, like last Saturday, from Missouri.

As Parseghian says, now that he is no longer having nightmares about being pressed into duty as a pallbearer, "Don't ever underestimate Joe. He can pass and he can run, he's a great scrambler and a great leader. I know other quarterbacks that don't have size, like Lenny Dawson and Johnny Unitas."

Just to name two.

Missouri's mistake apparently was scoring on the Irish early in the third quarter, putting the Tigers ahead 7–3 and Notre Dame behind for the first time this season. That, as Theismann said later, really ticked him off. Until that moment the Irish had been cruising along on the slim lead of Scott Hempel's 22-yard field goal while trying to establish a running game against Missouri's big and quick eight-man front. In the first half Notre Dame's ground troops had picked up 160 yards but no points, and that is not quite the way to win votes in the polls. So when Missouri punched over its score—on a pass yet, Mike Farmer 10 yards to Mel Gray—Theismann abandoned war in the trenches and began putting the ball into the air.

In the first half Theismann completed six of 10 passes for 42 yards. In the last 30 minutes he threw 14 and completed nine for 167 yards and two touchdowns. And he just missed a third score when Tom Gatewood, 210 pounds of prime split end, was hauled down two feet away from the goal after a 28-yard pass play. Then Missouri was penalized one foot for a personal foul, tying a record for the world's shortest penalty, and Ed Gulyas finally established the running game by scoring from there. That made it 24–7 with almost a full quarter to play, and the Irish offense figured that was enough. So did the Irish defense.

In steamrollering five opponents this year by an aggregate score of 187–31, the Irish are looking very much like the best of the Parseghian era, although the Notre Dame coach is the first to protest. "It's a bit absurd to say that," he said, and then pointed out that this year he had to replace his two starting offensive tackles, his center, tight end, two defensive tackles, two inside linebackers and a middle safety. The list included two All-Americas, Defensive Tackle Mike McCoy and Linebacker Bob Olson. As an argument, it has merit.

"On paper, yes," said Clarence Ellis, a junior defensive back who always draws the other team's most troublesome pass catcher. A preseason All-America selection, Ellis is the best known of the Irish defenders—and if you've never heard of him, he says swell, that's what makes this year's Irish defense Parseghian's best ever.

"Last year we had six sophomores starting," he said, "and with big-name seniors like McCoy and Olson there was a wide gap. A lot of us would make a *big play* and *nothing* would be said. But Olson or McCoy would make a big play and everybody would talk about it. It got where everybody was tight, was afraid to make a mistake. Like in the Texas game last year when Cotton Speyrer caught that pass on me. Even before I got up I looked and there was Olson staring at me. I felt like I had to ask forgiveness or something. This year we are a real union—I mean unit. You know everyone's doing the job for everyone else. You don't want to make a mistake, because you know everyone's depending upon you.

"I mean, guys will blow something and come back and apologize. I've apologized a couple of times myself."

So far, the Notre Dame defense has

continued

had little to blush about, giving up an average of six points a game. Before meeting Missouri the Irish were ninth in the nation in total defense, 12th in rushing defense. They held Missouri to 208 yards and only eight pass completions in 27 attempts for 80 yards.

Like Theismann, Ellis landed at Notre Dame more by chance than design. After his senior season in high school he was recruited only by Western Michigan. But one day a Notre Dame coach happened to be looking at a film of Mike Kadish, a defensive tackle. Ellis was on the other team. Notre Dame made Ellis an offer.

"Notre Dame?" he said. "Where's Notre Dame? They play Michigan State don't they? I always root for Michigan State."

Last week he sighed and said, laughing, "I'm here strictly by accident."

Well, so much for the luck of the Irish. A'most. Now try on Gatewood, who so far has caught 44 passes for 679 yards and five touchdowns. But that is only a half-measure of his worth. He never takes a step without at least two defenders dogging him, and at times there have been three. That leaves a lot of open space for the rest of the offense.

When Notre Dame offered Gatewood a scholarship he almost said no because he didn't think he was good enough. Then he decided that even if he failed in football, he would get an excellent education. He said why not. Today he has a 3.3 average in sociology.

"I never thought I'd play," he says. "I've always been pretty insecure. I didn't know if I'd fit in. I guess I just have a low-key psyche. For a while after coming to Notre Dame it worried me, seeing all those guys jumping around, banging lockers. I wondered if something was wrong with me. Like I sleep the night before a game just like it was any other night. I never think about it until I get in front of the crowd. And then, man, something pops. Most guys get excited by the game. I get turned on by the people. The more the better. That's the way I play. It's a release valve."

If Dan Devine, the Missouri coach, had known that, he probably would have slammed the gates at Memorial Stadium. More than 64,000 people, the most to see a sporting event in Missouri, turned out and turned Gatewood on. Against the Tigers he caught eight passes for 123 yards and a touchdown. "If there is anybody better than Notre Dame I haven't seen them yet," said Devine, shaking his head. "What we needed was a break—something like Theismann going off to the boys' room."

Two nights before the game Theismann and his pretty fiancée, Shari Brown, sat in The Wooden Keg in South Bend. After one bottle of Piper-Heidsieck had been thrown for a loss, a second was opened. Theismann had no more than a sip from the first, declined any from the second.

"Don't you want a few bubbles?" a waitress asked.

He grinned. "No, I'll get all my bubbles on Saturday."

"Oh," said the waitress, looking at Shari. "Are you getting married on Saturday?"

"Yeah," somebody said, "to a great big Tiger."

Late Saturday night, after the honeymoon, Theismann wrapped himself in a towel and rubbed an aching right elbow. "You know, this time I was really scared out there. More than ever before. For a long time I couldn't get going. We could get down there but we'd make a mistake. I just wasn't right."

Indeed, in the first half Notre Dame fumbled twice and Theismann threw two interceptions.

"Without him going well we are nothing," says Gatewood. "He's our leader. You know he's in there. He's got to get the ball rolling. We get our poise from his poise. I can't be a bold pass receiver if he's not a bold play-caller. We can't be a bold team if he's not a bold play-caller. And we can't be winners unless he's a winner."

The Irish want him good but not too cocky, and so two of the players, Guard Larry DiNardo and Center Dan Novakov, have nominated themselves to tame the quarterback's impetuous nature. Every so often in practice, while Theismann is kneeling to call a play, one or the other will stroke him smartly across the helmet.

"I'll look up and there will be DiNardo smiling," Theismann said." 'Just trying to make you like Joe Kapp,' he'll say. 'You know, hit or be hit.' "

"You've got to watch out for senior quarterbacks," DiNardo explained. "Sometimes they can get a little flaky. I just try and keep Joe in his place."

A few weeks ago DiNardo read an article on Lynn Dickey, the Kansas State quarterback who has taken to wearing white shoes. "If you ever get like Dickey," DiNardo said to Theismann, "I'll kick you in the tail."

"If I ever get like Dickey," Theismann said, seriously, "I'll let you." And then he grinned, "Besides, my feet look too big in white shoes."

THE WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

EAST

1. PITT (4-1)
2. DARTMOUTH (4-0)
3. YALE (4-0)

At halftime the score was West Virginia 35, Pittsburgh 8, and the mood in old Pitt Stadium was as bright as a steel mill on a cloudy day. The Panthers obviously had played a dirty trick on their fans, winning three in a row to get everyone worked up, only to come out against the Mountaineers and play exactly like those dreary 1-9 teams that have been Pitt's lot the past few years. So what happens in the second half? The Panthers score four touchdowns to win 36–35 and prove that they not only have come all the way back, but might well be the best team east of the Allegheny Mountains.

After the first half, in which West Virginia's Ed Williams scored three touchdowns, Pitt's power-I formation began clicking, and the Panthers got three TDs on short plunges by Denny Ferris, Dave Garnett and Tony Esposito. For the winning points the Panthers surprised West Virginia with a pass. With only 55 seconds left and the ball on the Mountaineer five, Quarterback Dave Havern tossed the clincher to End Bill Pilconis. Earlier Havern had passed for a pair of two-point conversions. "In all my 17 years of coaching," said Pitt's Carl DePasqua, "it was the most fantastic comeback I've ever seen." Don't count on Pitt to fold, either. The Panthers could easily win four of their last five games for a final 8–2 record. Guess who would be going to a bowl?

Well, not Penn State. The Nittany Lions lost their third game, this one to Syracuse 24–7. Coach Ben Schwartzwalder's Orangemen, despite the racial conflict that has beset them, used the running of sophomore Fullback Marty Januszkiewicz to take a 17–0 lead at the half. "They were fired up

more than any team I ever had here," said Schwartzwalder later. "Our kids were yelling and screaming so much at halftime I had to tell them to shut up so we could plan the second half." Whatever the plan was, it worked. Syracuse's defense intercepted five passes and the Orangemen got another kind of break in the third quarter. Out of a pileup came State's Steve Prue, holding the ball as if he had recovered a fumble. New units came on the field, but after a conference the officials recalled the Syracuse offense and gave it the ball while State Coach Joe Paterno angrily roamed the sideline.

"The referee came over to me and said no official had seen a loose ball," said Schwartzwalder. "He apologized for making a mistake that helped us, and who was I to criticize?"

When Air Force and Navy played in Washington it seemed that at least half of the 46,414 fans consisted of brass from the Pentagon. It was enough to unnerve any cadet, but not Brian (The Muscle) Bream of the Air Force. He gained a school record 207 yards and scored two TDs as the unbeaten Falcons won 26–3 for their sixth straight.

In the Ivy League, Cornell and rushing leader Ed Marinaro were upset by Harvard, but Dartmouth and Yale remained unbeaten. The Indians thumped Brown 42–14. Quarterback Joe Massey passed Yale over Columbia 32–15. They will decide the Ivy's No. 1 on Oct. 31 in New Haven.

SOUTH

1. AUBURN (5-0)
2. LSU (4-1)
3. MISSISSIPPI (4-1)

In the first quarter Mississippi's Archie Manning threw two touchdown passes and it looked as if the unbeaten, fourth-ranked Rebels were on the way to the inevitable rout. Sure it had to be a rout, because look who Ole Miss was playing. Not Alabama, not Georgia, not LSU, but little ol' Southern Mississippi. In the hierarchy of Mississippi football Ole Miss has always lived in the big house upon the hill, while Southern has been just poor folks. Remember last year? Ole Miss 69, Southern 7. Well, it was a rout this year, too. Except the score was Southern 30, Ole Miss 14. Afterward all Manning could do was sit in the dressing room and mutter over and again, "It's a shame."

The Southerners from Hattiesburg, Miss. had a fine quarterback of their own in junior Rick Oonegan, whose short passes were especially effective. The big plays, however, were made by little Willie Heidelburg (5' 6", 147 pounds), one of the few black men ever to play in Mississippi at the major college level, and sophomore Gerry Saggus. Heidelburg ran only three times, but scored twice on reverses; Saggus broke the Rebs with a 60-yard punt return in the third quarter. Afterward Coach P. W. (Bear) Underwood, whose 39th birthday occurred the previous day, was serenaded by delirious Southern fans outside the dressing room.

And what happened to Archie and the Rebels? Well, some Ole Miss fans tried to blame the new $280,000 artificial turf in Hemingway Stadium (Ole Miss now is 0-3 on the ersatz carpet). The fact was that although Manning put the ball in the air more than ever (56 times, with 30 completions for 341 yards), he simply could not get the Rebels into the end zone after those first two TOs. Once Ole Miss lost the ball on downs when Archie was stopped a yard from the goal. Another time, with a first down on Southern's 11, Manning's pass into the end zone was intercepted.

On the Auburn campus for a night show, Bob Hope spent the afternoon watching the unbeaten Tigers trounce Georgia Tech 31–7. Hope got his biggest laugh of the weekend by asking Coach Shug Jordan, "Why don't you bring this team to the Rose Bowl?" Well, Bob, you had the wrong bowl but the right idea. Auburn and its marvelous passing combination of Pat Sullivan to Terry Beasley will surely wind up in somebody's. Against Tech, Sullivan, a junior, completed 16 of 29 passes for 312 yards and two TDs—including a record 85-yard toss to Flanker Alvin Bresler. He also ran seven times for 42 yards and another score. "I understand some people around here are wearing PAT WHO? buttons," said Jordan, who soon turned his thoughts to this week's important game against LSU, a team that beat Auburn last year.

In Baton Rouge LSU was extended to the last second to beat erratic Kentucky 14–7. With 28 seconds left, the underdog visitors had a first down on the LSU 12, but on the game's last play LSU Cornerback James Earley tackled Kentucky Receiver Al Godwin on the two to save the Tigers' fourth straight win. In a desperate attempt to stop the passing of Kentucky's Bernie Scruggs (25 of 39 for 207 yards) LSU Coach Charlie McClendon put his star tailback, Tommy Casanova, at cornerback for the last 10 minutes.

Leading only 7–0, Florida stopped upsetminded Richmond six inches away from the goal and went on to a 20–0 victory—the Gators' fifth in six starts. In Knoxville, Tennessee whipped Alabama 24–0 to give rookie Coach Bill Battle a 1–0 edge over Bear Bryant, his collegiate coach. "I'm real proud of Bill Battle," said Bryant. "Not happy for him, of course, but proud." In Jackson, Mississippi State upset Texas Tech 20–16, thanks to two TD passes from Quarterback Joe Reed to Flanker David Smith. In the Atlantic Coast Conference, previously winless Maryland upset South Carolina 21–15 in a comedy of errors. The last laugh went to Maryland, however, and the happy Terrapin fans revived that quaint old college custom of tearing down the goalposts.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (4-0)
2. ARKANSAS (4-1)
3. HOUSTON (3-1)

Both Texas and Arkansas took the week off, so the big game was in the Astrodome, where Houston's Cougars played host to Oregon State, an underrated visitor from the West Coast. It was Coach Oee Andros' 46th birthday, and the Beavers were primed to upset the Cougars, which they very nearly did. Oregon State controlled the ball for 45 minutes and 86 plays (to Houston's 53), and with only 1:17 to go the Beavers had a 16–12 lead. But then Houston Quarterback Terry Peel passed to Split End Elmo Wright for 22 yards and the winning TD.

Peel, who started Houston's first two games while Gary Mullins was recovering from knee surgery, entered the game only because Mullins was ejected for scuffling with Oregon State's Mark Oippel in the fourth quarter. Mullins had reason to feel frustrated, he was 1-for-14 passing. During one stretch Mullins threw 11 straight incompletions, and his receivers dropped nine perfect throws. Peel, however, completed three of seven passes, including the game winner, and he sustained the final drive by keeping for two yards on a fourth-and-inches play at midfield.

But most of the credit for victory belonged to Houston's defense. The muscular Beavers ran play after play into the line, but the Cougars invariably stiffened, turning three potential touchdown drives into field goals by Lynn Boston. Houston's Glen Lewis was in on 19 tackles, knocked a Beaver blocker into a punted ball that teammate Frank Ditta returned 52 yards for a TD and knocked down one pass. Which isn't too bad for a guy with a couple of bruised ribs.

In what many considered the best all-round game of his career Quarterback Chuck Hixson guided SMU to a 10–0 win over Rice. Hixson's reputation as a passer is well established (he already holds the NCAA career record, with 558 completions), but his running and play selection have often been criticized. Against the Owls, however, Hixson mixed his passes (13 of 19 for 130 yards and a TD) with runs by himself and Junior Tailback Gary Hammond. The Mustangs' new attack befuddled a Rice defense

continued

that apparently was set only to stop the anticipated barrage of Hixson passes. Perhaps the biggest single play of the game was made by SMU's Sam McLarty, a 5′ 10″ punting specialist. With less than three minutes to go a snap from center went over McLarty's head, and he retreated into the end zone with three Owls in pursuit. Somehow he grabbed the ball, eluded his pursuers and kicked it out to the SMU 40.

WEST

1. STANFORD (5-1)
2. USC (4-1-1)
3. AIR FORCE (6-0)

For perhaps the only time in the history of college football a game was brought to a complete halt in the second quarter so that the game ball could be presented to the *visiting* quarterback. Of course, nobody in Spokane's Joe Albi Stadium seemed to mind. Stanford was well on the way to its eventual 63–16 victory over the home-town Cougars. And how many times does a guy get to see Jim Plunkett break the NCAA career record for total offense?

Plunkett went into the game needing only 214 yards to beat the record 6,568 gained by North Texas State's Steve Ramsey in 1967-69. He finished the day with 275 yards. The ones that put him over the top came on a weird pass play in the second quarter. With the ball on his four Plunkett dropped back, spotted Flanker Randy Vataha out near the 48 and threw. The ball came down squarely on the helmet of Cougar defender Chuck Hawthorne. Vataha trapped it there, lifted it tenderly and ran the remaining 52 yards for what added up to a 96-yard play. That gave Plunkett 220 for the game, six more than necessary, and shortly thereafter action stopped so that he could be given the ball. "It was good to win the way we did," said Plunkett later.

The only other excitement was provided by a rather demonstrative Cougar fan. In the third quarter Stanford's Eric Cross, a sophomore, ran through the Cougar line and into the clear at the 25. But when Cross got inside the 10 he was confronted by a fan dressed in a blue shirt and denims. They collided at the two. Cross shook off the tackle and gained the end zone, giving Stanford a 50–8 lead. The fan, later identified as Terry Earl Smith, 27, was taken into police custody and booked on charges of being drunk and disorderly. "He was the toughest one to hit me all day," said Cross. Hear that, State Coach Jim Sweeney? Got any scholarships left?

In Los Angeles, Southern Cal was a heavy favorite over Washington, but Sonny Sixkiller, the Husky sophomore quarterback by way of the Cherokee nation, almost pinned the Trojans with their second straight loss. He hit on 30 of 57 passes for 341 yards and a touchdown, but an interception by USC's Ron Ayala stopped the Huskies late in the game, and Southern Cal finally prevailed 28–25.

With only four seconds left, UCLA's Dennis Dummit ran around right end for three yards and a touchdown, giving the Bruins a 24–21 victory over California. Faced with the prospect of losing its third straight close decision, UCLA had taken over at its 15 with only three minutes left. In their final drive the Bruins were aided by two pass-interference calls. The first came on a fourth-and-13 play and gave UCLA possession at the Cal nine. Two plays later the second interference call put the ball on the three, which set up Dummit's winning run.

Unbeaten Arizona State was so lackadaisical in its 27–3 win over Brigham Young that the Sun Devils were chastised by both coaches. The losing coach, Tommy Hudspeth, visited the State dressing room and told the team: "If you perform the rest of the season like you did today you're going to waste this great talent and you will not continue undefeated." State Coach Frank Kush was more harsh: "Our offense stuttered, stammered and fell. Our receivers played as though they wore boxing gloves. We stunk up the place."

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (4-0)
2. NOTRE DAME (5-0)
3. NEBRASKA (5-0-1)

The week in Michigan was full of conflict and confrontation. An East Lansing newsman printed reports that Michigan State Coach Duffy Daugherty might be asked to retire, so ol' Duffy (limping along with a 1-3 record) got his dander up and barred the newsman from the team bus for the ride to Ann Arbor and the big game with Michigan. Then the game itself had to survive a legal battle on Friday. Seems that a university janitor, Joel Bloek, was miffed because a rock festival had been banned, so he sought an injunction to prohibit the game as a common nuisance. He argued that the pot smoking and rowdyism at a rock festival are no worse than the drinking and rowdyism at a football game. Unfortunately for Michigan State, the injunction was denied. That left Michigan free to run up its biggest point total against State in almost 25 years while winning 34–20.

Michigan's Billy Taylor scored three TDs, the first Wolverine to do that against State since 1947, and he also gained 149 yards. Glenn Doughty gained 85 yards, caught five passes and scored once. And Quarterback Don Moorhead, besides hitting 12 of 19 passes, kept Michigan moving with consistently successful plays on third or fourth down. After the hectic week Michigan's biggest celebration was at the Den of the Mellow Men, a house rented by seven Wolverine players. The specialty of the house is soul food and, as Taylor said, "Man, the Saturday night dinners are getting to be a bigger treat than the game."

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Stanford's Jim Plunkett accounted for 275 yards in a 63–16 win over Washington State to break the national collegiate career total-offense record. He now has 6,630 yards, with at least five games left to play.

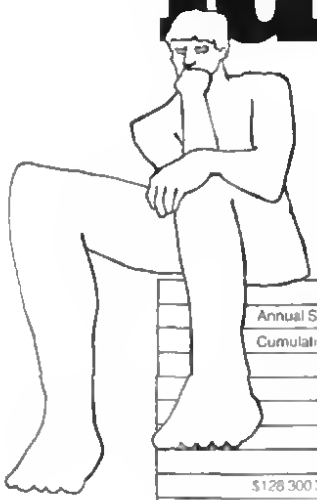
THE LINEMAN: A couple of his ribs were bruised early in the game, but Houston's Glen Lewis still helped make 19 tackles, knocked down a pass and caused a blocked punt as the Cougars outlasted tough Oregon State 19–16.

In Columbus, Ohio State scored the first four times it had the ball against Minnesota, then spent the rest of the day fending off passes en route to an easy 28–8 victory. A record crowd of 86,667 watched Quarterback Rex Kern baffle Minnesota with his moves off the triple option, and Fullback John Brockington hurt the Gophers with his smashes into the line. Kern ran 20 times for 86 yards and two TDs, and he completed nine of 15 passes for 74 more yards. "Rex was remarkable with his ball handling," said Buckeye Coach Woody Hayes in a rare spasm of praise. He also had a back pat for Brockington, who ran 28 times for 187 yards and two TDs.

In Madison, Northwestern Fullback Mike Adamle stomped all over Wisconsin's defense, gaining 176 yards in the Wildcats' 24–14 win—their second straight in the Big Ten. With his team leading 17–14 and only 52 seconds left, Adamle rammed through Wisconsin's stacked defense for 43 yards and a touchdown.

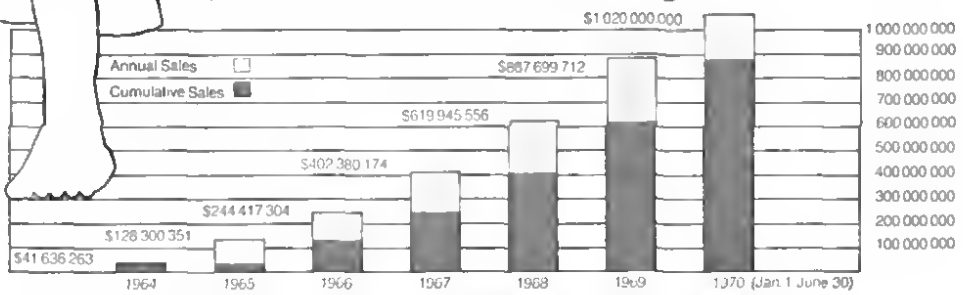
In the Big Eight, Kansas got a 96-yard kickoff return from Vince O'Neil, but that wasn't enough to keep Nebraska from grinding out a 41–20 victory. The Cornhuskers, who are so deep that they have what amounts to two first-string quarterbacks (Jerry Tagge and Van Brownson) and two first-string halfbacks (Joe Orduna and Jeff Kinney), tore up the Jayhawks' defense for 295 yards on the ground and 218 in the air. In Boulder, Colorado gained 359 yards on the ground, but the Buffaloes' seven turnovers (four interceptions, three fumbles) enabled Oklahoma to spring a 23–15 upset. **END**

The billion-dollar idea.



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Even the very best can blunder

Nijinsky's defeat after 11 straight victories raised questions about his English jockey and how he ranks with the world's best race riders

Race results elsewhere, including Fort Marcy's victory in the Man o' War at Belmont, meant relatively little last week compared to the second straight defeat suffered within a fortnight by Charles Engelhard's Canadian-bred English Triple Crown winner Nijinsky. Startling an enormous crowd at Newmarket, where he went off at 4 to 11, Nijinsky put on his customary finishing burst, but it wasn't enough to overtake Lorenzaccio (100 to 7), who won the mile-and-a-quarter Champion Stakes by 1½ lengths. Nijinsky and England's longtime champion jockey, Lester Piggott, saved second by a neck from Hotfoot.

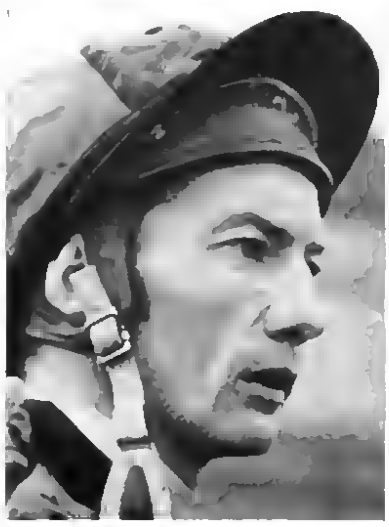
That Nijinsky—who will soon go to stud in Kentucky—is no superhorse in the same class as Ribot is now clearly evident. It might have been too much to expect that the Vincent O'Brien-trained son of Northern Dancer could extend his brilliance through 13 races (eight of them this year) against the best European sprinters and stayers without going off form en route. But two weeks ago, as Nijinsky went into the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp still unbeaten after 11 races, O'Brien was confident the colt would win again. And, no matter what reasons are given for his defeat last Saturday at Newmarket, my feeling persists that Piggott rode Nijinsky overconfidently in the Arc. The booing that greeted Piggott a week later at Longchamp after he finished third in the Prix de Royallieu aboard odds-on favorite Park Top should have convinced the darling of Ascot and Epsom that he is still something of a villain in the Bois de Boulogne.

Members of the British press have long treated Lester Piggott with reverence and few of them disputed his own post-Arc explanation that "Nijinsky just wasn't himself." Whereas Piggott had partially blamed himself for losing the 1969 Arc on Park Top, he elected not to discuss Nijinsky further. All this despite the fact that he chose to lag at least a dozen lengths off the pace during the early Arc running. He spent too much time tracking Gyr and neglecting, until it was too late, the proven stayer Sassafras. Then, when Nijinsky had finally caught Sassafras a sixteenth of a mile from the wire, Piggott drew his whip and used it—twice right-handed, which probably was the reason Nijinsky bore out noticeably during the last half a dozen strides. That may have been enough to let Sassafras and France's best jockey, Yves Saint-Martin, hang on for the victory by a head.

The result of the Arc points out once again that 29-year-old Saint-Martin ranks, along with Piggott and Bill Shoemaker, as one of the three best riders in the world. Because they ride under such vastly different conditions most of the time and rarely clash head on, it would be unfair to attempt a more precise ranking than that. Unless, of course, you happen to be French, English or American and enjoy watching men ride thoroughbred horses.

Great jockeys, as other mortals, are not incapable of horrendous blunders. Shoemaker has talked and written about misjudging the finish line aboard Gallant Man in the 1957 Kentucky Derby. Once, in a distance race, Eddie Arcaro pulled up with an entire lap still to go. And when he and Career Boy finished fourth to Ribot in Arcaro's only Arc de Triomphe appearance, Eddie was the first to blame himself for not being second. "Hell—nobody was going to beat that Ribot, but I could have beaten the next two if I'd known where I was going and if I hadn't been so scared riding full speed down that hill."

Lester Piggott is hardly likely to be so self-critical in public as either Arcaro or Shoemaker. In fact, he sounded much more like Bill Hartack when he recently told interviewer Kenneth Harris



ENGLAND'S PIGGOTT: ABRUPT, CONFIDENT



FRANCE'S SAINT-MARTIN: QUIET, CAPABLE



AMERICA'S SHOEMAKER: CALM, RELAXED

of the London *Observer*, "You ride a damn good race and get beaten a short head when you thought you'd be lucky to get within three lengths of the leader and you may get booed. You make a mistake in the race, get shut in or your horse does something silly or you're unlucky, and you win by a short head when you should have won by a length and a half—and they clap. It's not your riding. It's whether they win or lose."

Unquestionably, approval from the crowd is largely a matter of public relations. But true riding ability is another matter, and Piggott, Shoemaker and Saint-Martin have it to spare. Shoe's sit-still style, which can sometimes give the misleading impression that he is just along for the ride and is doing nothing to make his horse run, is in sharp contrast to the "busy" way of the European jocks. Piggott rides shorter than Saint-Martin and can be spotted across a mile and a half of open country with his tail higher in the air than that of any modern rider. ("Well, I've got to put it somewhere," he says.) What all three of these men have in common is the essence of race riding—the ability to make horses want to run for them. Instinctively, they have perfect balance and the ability to shift their own center of gravity so that it is in precise tune with the movement of the horse.

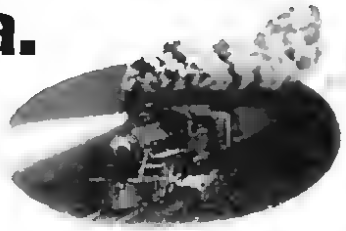
Piggott and Saint-Martin, like most Europeans, are probably better horsemen than the average American jock. That is, they know a good deal about the fundamentals of riding and horsemanship and are seldom guilty of treating a thoroughbred as just another running machine. From his early experience on a ranch, Shoemaker also has this basic understanding. Lester Piggott rode his first winner at 12, his first of five Derby winners at 18. Saint-Martin is winding up 15 years in the service of Trainer François Mathet, to whom he reported as a scared little boy at the age of 14. Years of riding out on the gallops under the strict tutelage of master horsemen—and never with the assistance of a lead pony—taught Piggott and Saint-Martin how to get along with animals of varying and unpredictable temperaments. And also, presumably, to ride to orders.

Some years ago, when asked about his premier rider, Mathet replied, "I have often dreamed of being able to communicate with my jockey during a

continued

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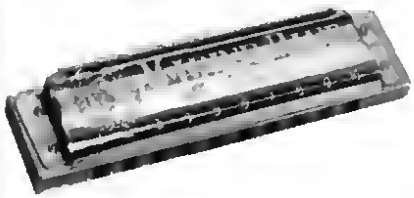
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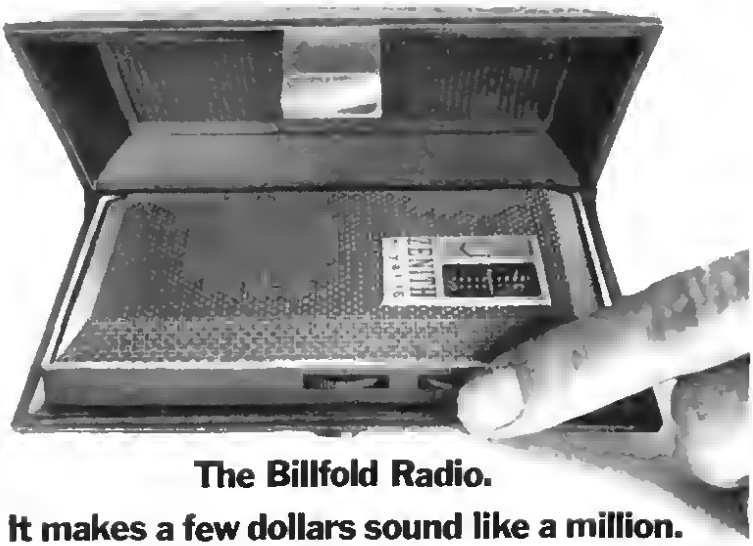
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race. With Saint-Martin this isn't necessary because he's always in the right spot. He has a true feel for a horse, and a nervous one will settle down under him immediately. He is cool, has exceptionally quick reflexes and has grown into a strong finisher." Piggott himself denies that he is an enemy of Saint-Martin; in fact, he considers Yves and Shoe as the two best riders around. "He does the right thing at the right time," Lester has said of Saint-Martin. "It sounds very obvious but that's all it's about, really getting your horse to do the right thing everywhere. And knowing what's going on."

In his only Arc ride, in which he and Tom Rolfe lost to Sea-Bird, Shoemaker knew what was going on, all right, but Shoe had difficulty getting Tom Rolfe around the downhill right-hand turn. Then, too, Tom Rolfe may not have been a true mile-and-a-half horse, certainly not in the Sea-Bird class. This could be Nijinsky's problem. Or could it have been that the Longchamp course or the Arc itself is just a jinx race for Lester? Consider this slightly obscure testimony that he gave *The Observer* in June: "But in a way Longchamp, Paris, is the most difficult course I know. There's no theory of riding it. It's not the terrain. Nor the bends—there's only one. The mile-and-a-half, their equivalent of the Derby distance, is a very long, elongated u-shape. They go very fast in the Arc, the first few furlongs. So you've got to have a horse that can go with them. At Ascot you'd better be pretty well forward to have a chance. That usually goes for Epsom, too, and Sandown. But at Longchamp you can be last coming to the straight and still win. There's no recipe for riding that course."

Even if this great jockey has yet to discover the sweet-smelling recipe for the Arc, there definitely is one—and Yves Saint-Martin knows it. From his distant perch at Santa Anita, Shoemaker could recite it, too. Eddie Arcaro, retired and lounging about in embroidered slippers and a smoking jacket, would probably have put it best of all, however, something like this: "Man, when you're on the best horse, don't muck around in the back of the pack in a large field. Get up just behind the pace and turn for home in the first five or six. Never count on even a great horse to do it all for you." **END**

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HIS ARMY reduced to platoon strength, Palmer marks his card alongside a resigned Garaïalde.

Getting a major pro tour started on the Continent may prove as thorny as D-Day if last week's tournament near Paris is an augury

The free French strike again

This has not been what you'd call a vintage year for French sport. With Jean-Claude missing, the French ski team was overrun by Austrians. Then there was the defeat of Baron Bich's armada at Newport, which was hardly ameliorated by the good Baron's obvious ability to approve the $2 million expense account. Then last week there was Le Tournoi des Champions at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche.

Billed in advance as the French answer to America's World Series of Golf or Britain's World Match Play and an opening bid to rev up Continental golf, the first (and "perhaps annual") event had a lot going for it. For one thing, it had eight international stars—Arnold Palmer, Tony Jacklin, Bob Charles, Ray Floyd, Gary Player, Ramón Sota of Spain, Roberto Bernardini of Italy and Jean Garaïalde of France. It also had the backing of the Association pour la Promotion du Golf, and its perhaps prophetically named secretary, Gaetan Mourgue d'Algue. And it had a respectable site, the 6,947-yard, par 72 Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche golf club where the 1963 Canada Cup (now World Cup) was played.

To be sure, the prize money was niggardly by American tournament standards. Cesar Sanudo's first prize of $12,000 at the previous week's relatively minor U.S. tour event, the Azalea Open in Wilmington, N.C., was $2,000 more than Tony Jacklin took away as the winner at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche. Still, there was talk of appearance guarantees by the sponsors to attract the stellar field, and it is true that none of the participants seemed particularly distraught over the cash shortage.

Even heaven smiled upon Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche. The weather was light with a velvety breeze, attracting a well-tailored gallery that numbered—well, that was the trouble. Despite all these beneficences, Le Tournoi des Champions drew fewer than 15,000 spectators over its three-day run, and to say that the house was well papered with freebies is to render a colossus of understatement. Only about 9,000 of the admissions were paid.

"The French," said Mourgue d'Algue, blowing out his cheeks in the fieldstone clubhouse on Saturday when a gate of 3,500 was announced, "they cheat. They hand back their tickets to their friends so that today we had, maybe, 1,500 people paying to see the first real international tournament ever organized in France."

The brand of golf the customers—paying and otherwise—got to see during the three-day tournament was decidedly spotty. Jacklin kept characterizing his rounds with adjectives like "uninteresting," while Palmer complained as usual about his putting, which wasn't all that bad. But the big disappointments were the Continental players—especially Garaïalde. On the first day, he went out with Palmer. The Frenchman is a neat and slender Basque, with comb furrows in his black hair—a kind of updated version of Walter Hagen in his prime, except that he plays with a rigid and studied style. In the presence of Palmer he absolutely seized up, bogeying the three opening holes. Arnie, meanwhile, was dropping two of his huge, old-style putts for birdies, and Garaïalde never did get on the track again, ending the first two days with identical 77s, 10 strokes over par, and the tournament with 223, good for last place in the field of eight.

Sota's nine-under score of 207 led the Continentals and tied Palmer for second place, but it alone was not enough to inspire much confidence in the ambitions of the sponsors, who saw Le Tournoi des Champions as the first step toward establishing the European continent as a "fourth force" in the world of professional golf—after the U.S., Britain and Australasia.

Jean-Louis (Coco) Dupont, secretary of the European Golf Federation, spoke more in hope than conviction last week about 11 major tournaments on the continent next year, deftly sandwiched between American and British events and offering enough prize money that a goodly number of American and British pros would make the scene. At the heart of his dream is a $240,000 European Open in

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September 1972, with Americans chartering jumbos to get there. "We have the blessings of the American PGA," he said, adding bleakly: "All we need now is the money."

Beyond everything else, the French have what might be called an indifferent attitude toward golf. The entire nation has only about 100 courses (New Zealand, with one-twentieth the population, has 360) and an estimated 20,000 players. Fourteen courses have been built in the last five years, with six more underway, but none are public and all are expensive. The spectators amply displayed their ignorance of the game's etiquette at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche by whirring away with movie cameras while players were lining up putts or preparing to hit sand shots, until, at 15, Jacklin and Player each had to back off from his ball when he lost his concentration. A marshal, speaking French, requested silence from the gallery. The cameras kept turning. Finally Player suggested the marshal try English.

Unlike American sponsors, the Association pour la Promotion du Golf was startlingly candid about its problems at the box office. While Palmer was being interviewed in the clubhouse after one round, a loudspeaker interrupted with an announcement that only 2,000 of the estimated 5,000 on hand were paid customers. Palmer was astonished. "They shouldn't talk about it," he said.

Garaïalde's status as an athlete and hero in France is as good an indication as any of the lowly rank of French golf. After his third-round 69 on Sunday, Garaïalde pulled off his golf shoes, which he endorses, put away his Scottish clubs, which he doesn't, and drove off to his club in nearby Versailles where, although he is the No. 1 golfer of France, he is reduced to giving lessons part of each year.

Meanwhile, back in the clubhouse, Promoter Mourgue d'Algue had reason to moan. The tournament was costing $180,000, some of it out of his own well-tailored pocket, and yet for the honor of beaming out live golf for the first time in Continental history, French national television was not paying the sponsors a centime. Further, they were doing it badly.

"Putts," he lamented. "They keep replaying the putts, and in slow motion. A nation like France needs to see a ball driven." **END**

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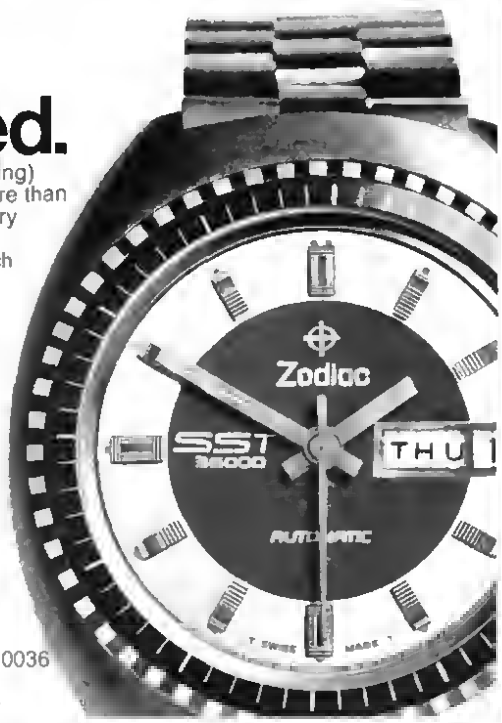
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AIKIDO / *Jeannette Bruce*

Self-defense, but no kickie, no squashie

Unlike judo and other forms of exotic combat, this martial art is strictly for the gentle-at-heart

If you should someday find yourself facing alone the simultaneous attack of five strong men and happen to have left your flamethrower at home, one of the things you might find useful is an expert's knowledge of aikido. A relatively new form of Japanese martial art, aikido is not a competitive sport like judo and karate, but it is a spectacularly effective method of self-defense. It looks ceremonious and downright unoffending, but a demonstration makes it plain that aikido has a utilitarian value: an expert aikidoist really can fend off the combined, unrehearsed onslaught of five antagonists. All that is required—besides prolonged training—is complete peace of mind during the attack, and a knowledge of how to turn his aggression against the aggressor.

Aikido looks simpler than it is, and no one can make it look less complex than Koichi Tohei, the highest-ranking—10th degree—aikido black belt in the world. Mr. Tohei glided quietly into New York recently to preside over an aikido seminar that lasted a week and drew more than 600 spectators to his final demonstration, leaving some of them perplexed but all of them fascinated. What perplexes is the total ease of the performing aikidoist; what fascinates is the obvious power.

There is little body contact in aikido. The man defending himself deals mostly with his assailant's arm or wrist, stepping out of the line of attack with upraised arms to block the intended blow, then using the attacker's own momentum to throw him, or as the aikidoist puts it, to "lead" him down. Leading may include an immobilizing pressure on the elbow or wrist but always, in the end, it

is the force of the hips, not the strength of the arms or hands, that brings an opponent down. With its circular moves and long gliding steps—as opposed to the linear, head-on contact of judo or the short, abrupt thrusts of karate—aikido resembles nothing so much as a dance, a devastating dance, to be sure.

Relaxation is the key to aikido. Yoshimitsu Yamada, sixth-degree black belt and chief instructor at the New York Aikikai, said of Tohei, "He is like the center of a hurricane, perfectly still and relaxed, with everyone whirling about him trying to make contact."

Every three years or so, since the introduction of aikido into the United States via Hawaii, Mr. Tohei leaves his job as chief instructor at Hombu World Aikido Headquarters in Japan to visit his flourishing little foreign empire. His recent stopover in New York had followed a three-month teaching stint in Los Angeles. Then came Boston and Chicago, and back to Japan in time to pack for Korea, where a version of his art is being taught as hopaikido. "I go there by invitation," he said, "to get the hop out of aikido."

Aikido lends itself to demonstrations, rather than contests, for the winner, by the very nature of aikido techniques, is preordained.

"To win a contest," explains Tohei, "one must develop a fighting mind. In aikido, *nage* [the victim of an attack] must be completely relaxed in mind and body. He cannot be relaxed if he is angry, fearful or worried about winning. His strength must be centered at his one point, his center of gravity, called by Americans the solar plexus. It is here," and Mr. Tohei put his finger on a point just below his navel. "When *uke* [the assailant] attacks, *nage* is alert, able to move quickly in any direction. His mind, in complete unity with his body, goes forward, even if *uke* attacks from behind. It is then"—he pauses to search his English lexicon—"only then," he continues with an impish smile, "can he peacefully knock *uke's* block off."

There is no pulling, pushing, punching, kicking, lifting or grappling in aikido, which is designed neither to maim nor kill but to subdue. Aikido has been described as a combination of philosophy, psychology and dynamics.

The Oriental concept that physical prowess and spiritual growth should go hand in hand is one the Western mind

continued

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has trouble grasping, yet mind over matter, the precept on which aikido is built, is clearly demonstrable. Almost everyone has experienced, or at least knows someone who has experienced, a moment of crisis when the body seemed to be flooded with sudden power. A man in danger of his life finds that he can run faster than he ever ran before; a fragile woman may lift an object she was not able to budge before a crisis arose. The aikidoist calls this *ki*, a source of energy that, with practice, can be called forth at will.

The aikido student is constantly confronted with "Extend your *ki*" or "Don't pull your *ki* inward." An opponent's arm is always extended (which keeps him off balance and makes retaliation impossible), his wrist or elbow is always manipulated or bent in the way that nature designed them to swing otherwise, they would surely be broken in the encounter.

A converted skeptic tried to define *ki* in *Black Belt* magazine: "Although *ki* has been defined by the founder of aikido as 'the spirit of love and protection for all things, the spirit of peace,' it has also been regarded as the instinctive feeling of danger and the ability to anticipate and overcome it. In this way it is a sort of sixth sense and the proper command of the *ki* produces a whiplike reaction which is so fast and so sure that a camera cannot properly catch it. The aikido combatant quickly sizes up the attack of the opponent and instantly detects a danger or harmful presence—aikido students claim that they were never really aware of the power of *ki* until aikido training brought it out. One called it a universal power or spirit present in everyone in varying degrees. Another sees it as a human vitality . . . a third thinks of it as a psychic energy manifested by applying the mind or will to any part of the body. Whatever it really is, the plain fact of the matter is that it works."

Including those in Japan, practicing aikidoists now number about 400,000. Ten percent are women and, since dexterity is more important than strength, they work and progress on an equal footing with the men. Yoshimitsu Yamada, titular head of some two dozen clubs in the U.S. and Canada, is pleased with the performance of the distaff side, but also a trifle wary. Teaching a feminine student one day, he threw her, then watched with what might be termed inscrutable horror as her head seemed to leave her shoulders and sail across the mat. It was, of course, her wig. A notice promptly went up on the bulletin board. Do Not Wear Two Hairs in Practice. "And please," he once cautioned the ladies in *The One Point*, aikido's monthly newsletter, "remove lipstick before practice. Some of our men have very jealous wives."

Koichi Tohei also acknowledges the sudden influx of women in aikido. He spent half a practice session while in New York describing the proper method of pinching to fend off attack, and explained to the spectators who daily

continued

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"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

swarmed up the stairs of the New York club to watch a 10th-degree black belt perform. "This not true aikido, I just fooling around with something special for the ladies."

Aikido has benefits other than physical salvation if one is attacked. No one watching Mr. Tohei in action on the mat could have guessed that during his stay in New York he had averaged about two hours sleep a night, for like any tourist Mr. Tohei plays as hard as he works. During the day, between classes, he would frequently disappear, settle himself on a cushion at the back of the *dojo*, cross his legs Oriental style, and promptly go to sleep. In his book, *Aikido in Daily Life*, he explains that sleep should be achieved in less than a minute. It is a matter of relaxation. "First of all," he says, "we have to maintain a firm conviction that if we cannot sleep we might as well be awake."

Of all the martial arts, aikido, which is run on a nonprofit basis, is probably the least exploitable.

"Our founder," explains Mr. Tohei, referring to Morihei Uyeshiba, who was called by the superhonorific title of O-Sensei (great instructor), "was not interested in making the practitioners of aikido rich. Once I asked him, what do you do with the money, for at Hombu we have a fine school and teach over 500 students a day, and our founder smiled at me and said, 'I deposit the money in the Bank of Heaven. Later when I die, if you need some I come back down.'"

Both martinet and mystic, O-Sensei, who was still practicing until he died at the age of 87, rarely gave any but equivocal answers to questions about his art.

When was aikido first established?

"The day I was born."

"Is aikido not a scientific refinement of old, traditional techniques?"

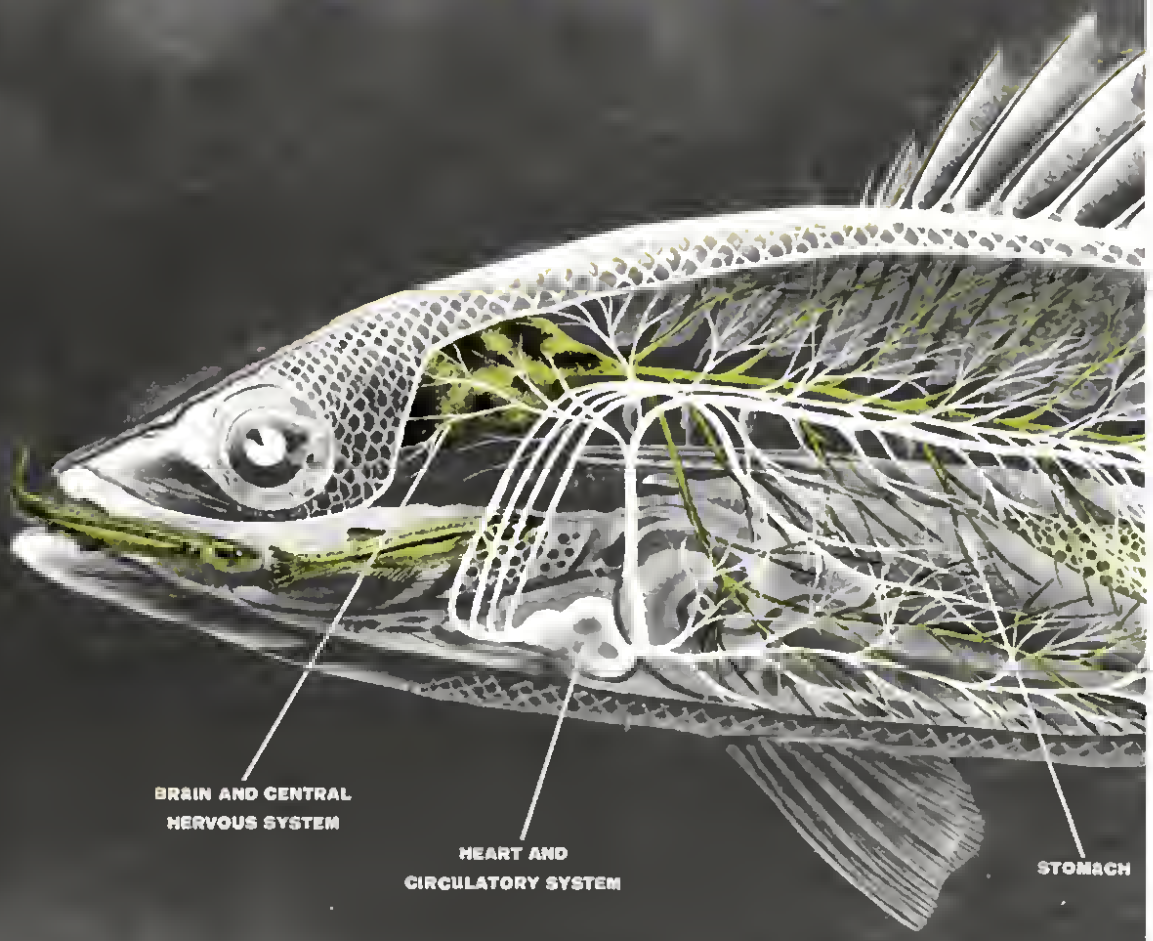
"No, aikido comes from nature."

And to the question that fascinates Americans—which is more effective as a method of self-defense, judo, karate or aikido?—he inevitably replied, "We do not criticize the other martial arts. The mountain does not laugh at the river because it is lowly, nor does the river speak ill of the mountain because it cannot move about."

Aikido, he often said, cannot be explained in words. Or as one admiring black belt put it, "It is the art of doing nothing." **END**



POISON ROAMS



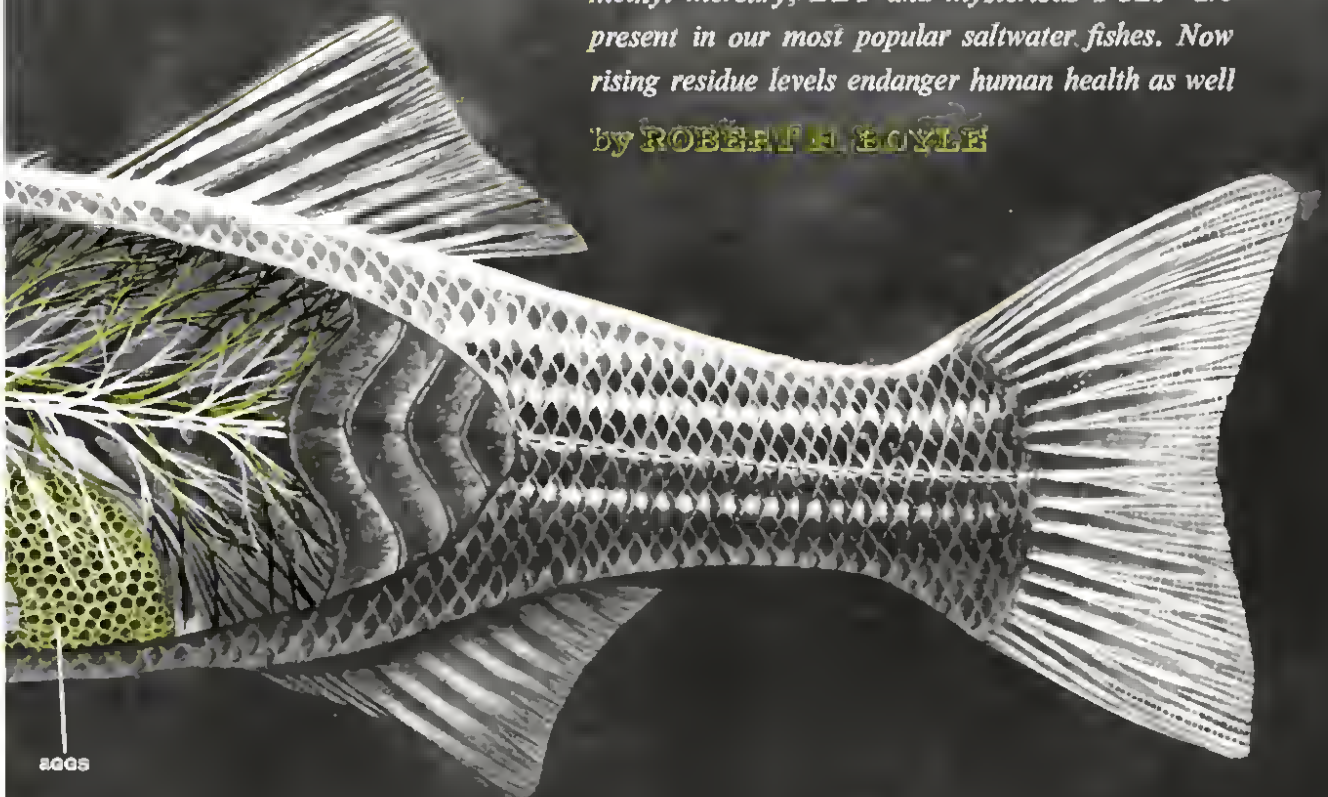
In the past few years there has been considerable scientific concern about chemical residues in fish, but almost all investigations have been limited to freshwater lakes and streams. Yet some species of coastal fish have gone into what John R. Clark, curator of the New York Aquarium, describes as "a disastrous decline, a virtual wipeout. The total commercial catch on the Middle Atlantic in 1969 was down to about one-tenth of the 1960 catch. The multimillion-dollar menhaden fishery was nearly eliminated in the late '60s, and weakfish, croaker, spot, porgy and fluke are close to disappearing in the Northeast. Pollution is a major cause. Coastal waters are infested with pesticides, metals and other toxic pollutants, and these poisons can kill fish, their young and the organisms they feed on."

It is also possible that this pollution, unless checked, may kill people. A study sponsored by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reveals that poisonous chemical compounds in the flesh and eggs of some of the most popular American saltwater sport fishes have reached levels that are alarming to health authorities and fishery biologists. The study, the first ever to involve fishes from the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts of the U.S., was conducted for this magazine by WARF Institute, Inc.

OUR COASTAL SEAS

A new study shows that toxic chemical compounds—methyl mercury, DDT and mysterious PCBs—are present in our most popular saltwater fishes. Now rising residue levels endanger human health as well

by ROBERT H. BOYLE



Menacing chemicals enter a predatory fish, such as this female striped bass, mainly from food. The stomach then digests the contaminated bait, and nutriments and poisons are spread throughout the body by the circulatory system where they can affect the central nervous system and eggs.

in Madison, Wis., a highly respected laboratory that has done research for the Federal Government, various states and private industry.

Specifically, the study shows that the flesh of spotted seatrout from Louisiana, striped bass from California and Spanish mackerel from South Carolina contains more mercury than allowed by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration in fish sold for human consumption.

Other tests disclose that the reproductive process of at least four different fish populations may be threatened by high residue levels of chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides in the eggs. High levels of DDT residues (a combination of DDT, DDD and DDE) are in the eggs of striped bass from California, from the Hudson River, New York, from the Rappahannock River, Virginia, and in the eggs of bluefish caught off the coast of South Carolina. Moreover, the eggs of the California and New York bass have high PCB residues, an industrial compound that has escaped into the environment by accident.

The fish studied were all females close to spawning and were collected last spring and summer by fishermen, biologists and two state fish-and-game departments. The sampling of each species from a given location generally in-

continued

cluded from five to 15 individual fish. All samples were wrapped in aluminum foil, frozen and shipped by air in containers with dry ice to WARF in Madison where Francis Coon, head of the chemical department, supervised the analyses. A complete list of fish species, location taken, residue data and analytical methods employed in the study is shown below.

In recent months there has been public clamor about mercury residues in fish, residues sufficiently high to close or restrict fishing in such famous bodies of freshwater as Lake Champlain between Vermont and New York; the Lake St. Francis section of the St. Lawrence River between Quebec and Ontario; the Niagara and Oswego rivers and lakes Onondaga and Ontario in New York, the Connecticut River in New Hampshire, the Savannah River and Brunswick Estuary in Georgia; Mobile Bay and the lower Mobile River, the Tombigbee River and the Pickwick Lake section of the Tennessee River in Alabama; the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair in Michigan; and the Wisconsin River from its juncture with the Mississippi River to Rhinelander, Wis. In fact, mercury pollution is a problem in at least 33 states and eight Canadian provinces.

Mercury pollution of fish, shellfish and birds was first discovered in Japan and Sweden in the 1960s. The pollution came from pulp mills, plastic and chlor-alkali plants and mercury-coated seeds. Despite warnings of mercury contamination elsewhere in the world, nothing was done in North America until last year when Norvald Fimreite, a Norwegian graduate student at the University of Western Ontario, tested pheasants from Alberta. The residues were so high that Alberta closed the hunting season. Still Canadian and U.S. authorities did nothing to try to halt the poisoning. Fimreite then found high mercury residues in fish from Lake St. Clair. The major source of the contamination was a Dow Chemical Company plant at Sarnia, Ontario, which was dumping as much as 200 pounds of mercury a day into the St. Clair River. Subsequent investigations elsewhere have uncovered other polluters. One reason that authorities were slow to act was that everyone apparently believed mercury was too valuable to be thrown away. Another reason was that most authorities mistakenly believed that any mercury released to a waterway would sink to the bottom and be inert. However, Swedish scientists discovered that no matter what form of mercury is discharged to the environment, be it inorganic divalent mercury, phenyl mercury or alkoxy-alkyl mercury, it can be eventually converted by either microorganisms or fish into the most toxic form—methyl mercury.

As a trace element, mercury is found naturally in minute amounts in man. According to Dr. Henry A. Schroeder of the Trace Element Laboratory of the Dartmouth Medical School, the human body contains about 0.2 parts per million of mercury. (Chemical residues are measured by scientists on parts per billion and parts per million basis; in layman's language, one part per million, 1.0 ppm, is the equivalent of one ounce of vermouth in 7,812 gallons of gin—the ultimate dry martini.) The danger to man from eating mercury-contaminated fish or birds comes from raising levels in the body. The World Health Organization has recommended that no

COUNTDOWN ON CONTAMINANTS

SPECIES AND LOCATION WHERE CAUGHT	MERCURY FLESH *FDA limit 0.5*	PCBs FLESH *(estimated)*
ATLANTIC MACKEREL (*Scomber scombrus*) Long Island Sound, Rowayton, Conn.	0.10	0.68
STRIPED BASS (*Morone saxatilis*) Hudson River, Montrose, N.Y.	0.34	4.01
STRIPED BASS (*M. saxatilis*) Rappahannock River, Tappahannock, Va.	0.20	0.56
AMERICAN SHAD (*Alosa sapidissima*) James River Estuary, Va.	*0.10	0.37
WHITE PERCH (*Morone americana*) James River Estuary, Va.	0.31	0.77
SPOTTED SEATROUT (*Cynoscion nebulosus*) In the surf off Charleston, S.C.	0.10	0.12
SPANISH MACKEREL (*Scomberamorus maculatus*) four miles offshore, Charleston	0.37; repeat analysis 0.50	0.10
BLUEFISH (*Pomatomus saltatrix*) four miles offshore, Charleston	0.31	0.18
WHITING (*Menticirrhus sp.*) two miles offshore, Charleston	0.16	0.13
DOLPHIN (*Coryphaena hippurus*) 30 miles offshore, Charleston	0.20	0.090
FALSE ALBACORE (*Euthynnus alletteratus*) 30 miles offshore, Charleston	0.40	0.56
SPOTTED SEATROUT (*C. nebulosus*) Lake Calcasieu, Hackberry, La.	2.2; repeat analysis 1.8	0.31
SPOTTED SEATROUT (*C. nebulosus*) Shell Point Reef, Wakulla County, Fla.	0.40	0.066
SILVER PERCH (*Bairdiella chrysura*) Alligator Harbor, Franklin County, Fla.	0.15	0.10
STRIPED BASS (*M. saxatilis*) the Delta, Antioch, Calif.	0.70; repeat analysis 0.68	0.99
STEELHEAD TROUT (*Salmo gairdneri*) Cowlitz River, Toledo, Wash.	0.12	0.12

human food contain any trace whatsoever of mercury, while Japan and Sweden, both countries with strong commercial fishing interests, have set a standard of 1.0 ppm. In Sweden scientists have criticized this maximum as excessive, and one prominent toxicologist has said that the maximum should be lowered to 0.2 ppm. The Swedish government has stuck by the 1.0-ppm standard but recommended that consumption of fish be limited to one meal a week. In the U.S. the Food and Drug Administration maximum in fish is 0.5 ppm.

The human tolerance level of mercury is not precisely known. From 1953 to 1960, 121 persons in Minamata, Japan were killed or severely disabled as the result of eating mercury-contaminated shellfish from Minamata Bay. The mercury levels in the shellfish averaged 20 to 30 ppm. The mercury had been discharged into the bay over a period of years by a plastics plant. In the U.S. three members of the Huckleby family in Alamogordo, N. Mex. suffered severe brain damage after eating a hog that had been fed grain treated with mercury.

Symptoms of mercury poisoning may occur weeks to months after exposure. The symptoms include a numbness and tingling sensation in the hands and feet, disturbed speech, inability to coordinate muscle movement, impaired vision and hearing and emotional disturbances. The 19th century expression "as mad as a hatter" came from cases of insanity suffered by hatters who inhaled vapors of mercury that was used to cure felt. In severe cases the symptoms of mercury poisoning are irreversible. A report submitted by an international committee in Stockholm last year stated: "In infants born to mothers with large amounts of methyl mercury, the symptoms are somewhat different. Most children had mental retardation and also cerebral palsy with convulsions."

continued

PCBs EGGS *(estimated)*	CHLORINATED HYDROCARBONS, FLESH *FDA limit, 5.0 DDT, DDE, DDD; 0.3 DIELDRIN*					CHLORINATED HYDROCARBONS, EGGS				
	DDE	DDD	DDT	DIELDRIN	BHC	DDE	DDD	DDT	DIELDRIN	BHC
1.16	0.11	0.14	0.24	0.032	0.007	0.23	0.47	0.063	0.036	0.016
11.4	0.61	0.56	0.75	0.17	0.048	2.11	2.20	2.09	0.33	0.061
2.21	0.16	0.16	0.13	0.016	0.005	0.60	0.76	0.65	0.053	0.046
0.055	0.16	0.16	0.20	0.056	0.037	0.025	0.022	0.022	0.005	0.005
1.56	0.26	0.25	0.16	0.19	0.026	0.36	0.47	0.31	0.39	0.031
0.16	0.024	0.020	0.024	0.012	—	0.063	0.036	0.054	0.006	*0.005
0.56	0.020	0.006	0.016	*0.005	—	0.17	0.12	0.13	0.011	*0.005
2.61	0.045	0.022	0.036	*0.005	*0.006	2.47	1.03	0.51	0.017	0.006
0.11	0.026	0.022	0.026	0.006	—	0.026	0.022	0.031	0.006	—
0.15	0.021	0.010	0.025	*0.005	—	0.076	0.024	0.056	0.006	—
0.56	0.22	0.067	0.17	*0.005	—	0.36	0.23	0.15	0.008	—
0.72	0.077	0.41	0.11	0.034	0.054	0.11	0.54	0.22	0.011	0.053
0.12	0.041	0.021	0.026	*0.005	—	0.16	0.11	0.047	*0.005	*0.005
0.10	0.022	0.016	0.022	*0.005	—	0.16	0.067	0.047	0.006	—
17.0	0.45	0.21	0.23	0.021	0.006	3.66	2.47	2.62	0.16	0.10
0.08	0.011	0.016	0.025	*0.005	*0.005	0.006	0.011	0.022	*0.005	0.006

**Below noted level*

INFORMATION ABOUT THE TESTS

All the figures shown on the chart are parts per million. WARF Institute's procedures for determining chlorinated hydrocarbon residues are in the "FDA Pesticide Analytical Manual," Volume I, Jan. 1968, sections 212 and 311. The mercury analysis follows "The Analyst," Volume 86, page 608, 1961, modified by Atomic Absorption Spectrophotometry with boat technique.

Note DDT residues are a combination of DDT, DDE and DDD. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has set no tolerance standards for BHC or PCB residues in human food.

The highest mercury residues found in the SI study were in the flesh of spotted seatrout from Hackberry, Cameron Parish, La. The initial analysis by WARF Institute revealed 2.2 ppm of mercury, four times more than the FDA maximum of 0.5. In a repeat analysis by WARF, the level was 1.8 ppm. The seatrout were procured from a commercial fish company in Hackberry, and they had been caught in adjacent Lake Calcasieu, a brackish body of water connected to the Gulf of Mexico. On the Gulf coast, seatrout are generally not migratory but localized in one estuary. Last July after SI obtained the fish, the FDA, in an entirely unrelated move, halted interstate shipments of crabs, spotted seatrout, redfish and flounder from Lake Calcasieu because of high mercury levels.

The flesh of striped bass from California also surpassed the FDA limit on mercury. The California Department of Fish and Game took the flesh and eggs from 15 different females caught in the Delta near Antioch, composited flesh and egg samples separately and forwarded them to WARF Institute. The department retained the remainder of the flesh and eggs for testing on its own. At WARF Institute initial flesh analysis was 0.70 ppm, the repeat analysis was 0.68. In order to obtain California striped bass for testing, SI agreed to allow the California Department of Fish and Game to review the results before publication and then to comment upon the significance. After reviewing the data, L. H. Cloyd, deputy director of the department, says that the WARF finding "for the level of mercury was consistent with one of our state laboratory reports." Cloyd also points out "the levels of mercury in stripers, as well as in some catfish, sturgeon—and pheasants—have prompted our governor to assemble a special task force of state agencies and cooperating federal agencies to investigate mercury pollution in California."

Mercury in excess of the FDA limit of 0.5 was also found in the flesh of Spanish mackerel caught four miles off Charleston, S.C. Initial analysis by WARF Institute was 0.57 in the flesh; the repeat analysis was 0.56. The Spanish mackerel is a pelagic fish, one that spends its life near the surface of the ocean and is not known to frequent shallow water. The fish ranges off the coasts of the Carolinas and Florida, and it may migrate into the Gulf of Mexico.

Other species had mercury levels close to the FDA maximum. False albacore from South Carolina, another pelagic fish, had residues of 0.40 in the flesh; spotted seatrout from Shell Point Reef on the panhandle of the Florida Gulf coast had 0.40; striped bass from the Hudson River, 0.34; bluefish from South Carolina, 0.31; and white perch from the James River, Virginia, 0.31. Little is known about the natural or normal mercury level in the flesh of fish, but it is probably not more than 300 parts per billion. The lowest level discovered by WARF Institute was 0.10 parts per million found in the flesh of Atlantic mackerel from Long Island Sound. American shad from the James River and spotted seatrout from South Carolina. SI did not ask WARF Institute to analyze eggs for mercury residues.

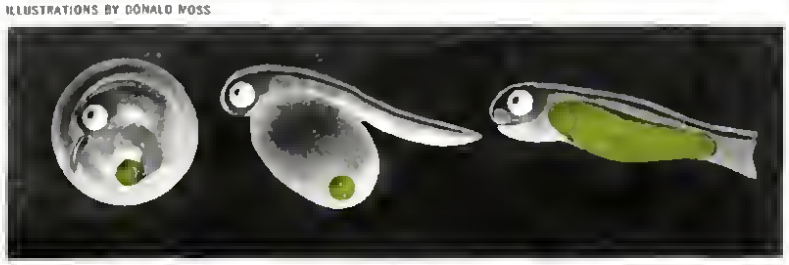
The WARF Institute analyzed the egg and flesh samples for DDT residues, dieldrin and BHC, all chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides. These synthetic compounds have several factors in common. They do not readily break down in nature; indeed, it takes at least a decade for them to lose their toxicity. They are also highly poisonous to a broad spectrum of living organisms. They are used to attack insect pests because they can penetrate the external shell of chitin, a thin layer of hard fatty material that covers an insect body. Once applied, be it on insects, on the ground, on vegetation or in the air, these long-living pesticides are spread by wind and water. Aerial applications of DDT can enter the atmosphere and circle the earth in only two weeks. Last year Drs. Eugene F. Corcoran and Douglas B. Seba of the University of Miami reported surface slicks containing pesticides washing into Biscayne Bay after heavy rains. These areas were several miles long and from five to 300 feet wide, and they contained 10,000 times more chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides than the water surrounding them.

Once introduced into the food web, chlorinated hydrocarbons are able to move up from phytoplankton to zooplankton to fish to bird or mammal, and they become more and more concentrated as they are retained by a higher level of animals. The chlorinated hydrocarbons tend to center in the body fats, such as those in the reproductive organs, and it is generally agreed that these chemicals are to blame for the current decline in North America of the brown pelican, the peregrine falcon and the bald eagle, our national symbol. All have fish in their food web.

In the past two years the FDA has seized shipments of coho salmon from Lake Michigan and jack mackerel from the Pacific near Los Angeles for exceeding 5.0 ppm of DDT residues, and the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife has noted DDT levels of from 31 to 45 ppm in the flesh of white perch taken from the Delaware River at Camden, N.J. Last month John MacGregor of the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries announced that a federal study of fish from Santa Monica Bay contained

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DONALD ROSS



A coho salmon egg with high DDT levels can hatch, but the DDT concentrates in the oil globule in the yolk and when the yolk is consumed the poison kills by attacking the nervous system.

Old Crow begins with men who love to work with their hands.

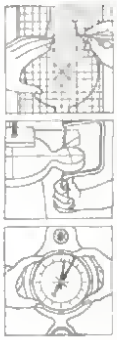


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The first scientific way of distilling Bourbon was invented by Dr. James Crow back in 1835. But giving our Bourbon a handcrafted taste is still an art.

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If you just want to look good, don't light it.



On the other hand, if you'd like to taste the small, mild cigar with all the flavor of a large cigar, go ahead.

White Owl Miniatures & Demi-Tips.

new research information The study showed DDT residues in those fish to be astronomically high, ranging from 63 ppm in the liver of Dover sole to 1,026 ppm in the liver of starry rockfish. A major source of the residues was two sewage plants emptying into the bay. The City of Los Angeles plant at Hyperion was releasing one to seven pounds of DDT components per day, while the Los Angeles County White Point plant was daily discharging from 200 to 400 pounds of DDT residues. However, none of the flesh samples tested for SI by WARF Institute approached the federal maximum. DDT residues were detected in the flesh of every species submitted, but the closest to the FDA maximum were the Hudson River striped bass that had DDT residues totaling 2.42 ppm.

The WARF Institute also tested all eggs for chlorinated hydrocarbon residues. Inasmuch as these pesticides have an affinity for fat, it came as no surprise that there were higher residues in the eggs than in the flesh. DDT residues in the eggs can affect reproduction or the survival of young fish. In Jasper National Park, Canada there was a 70% mortality of brook-trout fry hatched from eggs with 0.46 ppm of DDT residues. In Michigan 700,000 coho salmon fry died in hatcheries in 1968. They had been hatched from eggs with DDT residues of 1.5 to 3 ppm. When the larval salmon were three weeks old and absorbed their yolk sac during the so-called "button up" stage they died. DDT residues were in the yolk, and quickly made contact with the central nervous system. Dr. Philip A. Butler of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries Laboratory in Gulf Breeze, Fla. reports that in a joint study with the Texas Department of Parks and Wildlife virtually no young spotted seatrout were observed in the Laguna Madre in 1968 and 1969. The gonads of females had DDT residues up to 8.0 ppm.

Different species of fish seem to have different levels of tolerance to DDT residues in the eggs. Precise levels are simply not known for most marine fish, but based on the above 0.5 ppm seems to be cause for concern and 1.5 ppm se-

continued



Why your car needs a stronger battery as it gets older

And why you should drive to the nearest Shell dealer for a battery checkup now.

You know, of course, that your battery is what powers your car's starting system.

But did you know that as that starting system begins to age, it puts increasing demands on your battery? It's a fact.



This Super Shell Poly-Pro 95 could save you a lot of trouble. See reasons below.

And what's more, if you add on accessories like air conditioning, a radio, stereo deck, anti-fog lights, or whatever—they put an even greater strain on your battery.

The point: if your car is over two years old, better get it to a Shell dealer for a battery checkup right now. His tests will show whether you need a new one or not.

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- Do not buy a new battery on the strength of the guarantee alone Guarantees are important, and worth your attention. But the point you should be most concerned with is something called "A.H. Rating."
- "A.H. Rating" stands for Ampere Hour Rating, which is an industry-wide, universally accepted system for rating battery power—an exact measure of the amount of useful energy a battery can deliver before it is run down. Most batteries that come in new cars are rated anywhere from 40 to 70 A.H. The bigger the A.H. rating, the stronger the battery—under all conditions.
- The Super Shell Poly-Pro battery is rated at 95 A.H., a full 35 percent stronger than most original-equipment batteries it is designed to replace. This gives you more reserve power.

Let's sum it up. If your car is over two years old, the chances of your battery going dead are increasing every day. Especially if you do a lot of short-trip, stop-and-go driving. Especially if your car is loaded with electrical accessories.

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SHELL

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Fifty years ago, we at Metropolitan Life realized the inconsistency of insuring parents while children were dying. So we came to Thetford Mines to give babies a better chance of survival.

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And after three years, instead of 1 in 3 babies dying, 9 out of 10 lived.

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rious cause for concern about survival of the young. According to WARF Institute results, the highest DDT residues in eggs were in the California striped bass, 9.05 ppm. Commenting upon DDT residues in California stripers, L. H. Cloyd of the Department of Fish and Game notes: "Numerous studies conducted by our department of the levels of recruitment of striped bass demonstrate no adverse effects from the levels of DDT and its metabolites in striper eggs and larvae. We are, however, continuing to investigate this aspect."

Striped bass from the Hudson, which migrate to New Jersey, New York and Connecticut coastal waters, had 7.40 ppm of DDT residues in the eggs. They also had 0.33 ppm of dieldrin. By FDA standards, the eggs of these striped bass should not be eaten. Dieldrin is more toxic than DDT, and the FDA has imposed a maximum of 0.30 ppm of dieldrin on fish products.

The eggs of bluefish caught off South Carolina contain 4.11 ppm of DDT residues. According to Dr. Lionel A. Walford, director of the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries laboratory at Sandy Hook, N.J., where most of the research on Atlantic coast bluefish has been done, these South Carolina bluefish were probably migrating north from Florida when caught. Baby bluefish spawned in Carolina offshore waters in the spring eventually grow up to supply an important sport fishery as far north as southern New England. Striped bass from the Rappahannock River have 2.03 ppm of DDT residues in the eggs. Striped bass from this river and others tributary to Chesapeake Bay, the single most important striper spawning ground on the Atlantic coast, migrate from Virginia to Massachusetts. The majority of fish tested also had traces of BHC, another chlorinated hydrocarbon, in the flesh and eggs. The effect of BHC on fish reproduction is unknown, and the Food and Drug Administration has set no maximum on BHC in fish. As Taylor Quinn of the FDA remarked as this article was being prepared, "It's unusual, to say the least, to find BHC in fish."

WARF Institute also tested all egg and flesh samples for residues of PCBs, the abbreviated name given to the polychlorinated biphenyls, a synthetic chemical compound used by various industries. PCBs are heat resistant and are widely used in the electrical industry as insulating fluids for transformers and capacitors. They are also used in plastics and adhesives.

PCBs have been made in the U.S. since 1929, but they were not identified as such in fish and birds until a few years ago. Chemically similar to DDT, they baffled investigators who reported finding "unknown but chlorine-containing compounds." In 1966 Dr. Soren Jensen, a Swedish scientist, was able to separate the compounds from DDT and identify them as PCBs in a sea eagle and in the bodies of more than 200 fish taken from different parts of Sweden. Dr. Jensen then analyzed eagle feathers in a museum collection. Some of the feathers were collected as far back as 1880, but Dr. Jensen first found PCB residues in feathers collected in 1944. After Dr. Jensen published a paper on his findings, Dr. Robert Risebrough of the Institute of Marine Resources at the University of California at Berkeley found PCBs in a number of Californian, Mexican and Arctic sea birds. He noted that the highest levels of PCBs in birds were from those closest to industrialized areas. In a later investigation he also found PCBs in samples of mother's milk from women in San Francisco and Los Angeles. In a paper in *Environment* early this year he called for the establishment of tolerance limits of the compound in human food. Thus far, the FDA has set no standard.

Another scientist, Robert Huggett of the Virginia Institute of Marine Science, says the toxicity of PCBs to marine animals seems to be about the same as that of DDT. At present, the Virginia Institute of Marine Science is conducting studies to determine the levels of PCBs in estuarine sediments, oysters, fish and crabs in the Chesapeake. The institute is also trying to locate the origins of the PCBs. At the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries lab in Gulf Breeze, Dr. Thomas Duke and associates have found that only 1.0 part per billion of PCBs in water will adversely affect the growth of oysters.

The precise significance of the WARF findings of PCB residues in the eggs and flesh of the fish submitted by SI has yet to be determined. However, PCBs are present in the flesh and eggs of all samples. The WARF findings, it should be noted, are estimates based on one peak on a gas chromatogram, but scientists who have reviewed the data for SI and who have experience in the field say the estimates are valid. The highest PCB residues in flesh are in the Hudson River striped bass, 4.01 ppm. The California striped bass had the highest PCB residues in eggs, 17.0 ppm. Other egg residues of possible significance were Hudson stripers, 11.4 ppm; South Carolina bluefish, 2.81; and Rappahannock stripers, 2.31.

In assessing the WARF findings for SI, Dr. Robert Smolker, an ecologist at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, said, "I'm horrified by some of the data. I am quite surprised to find such residues in fish from the ocean, but I certainly don't think people should panic." What, then, should the public do or demand? There are a number of steps that can be taken.

For one, the study is merely a first effort, and nationwide monitoring programs of more samples are needed to determine the presence and levels of contaminants in wildlife. Moreover, considerable research needs to be done on the ecological side effects of new pesticides coming on the market. This research is very expensive. It now costs as much as $10 million to clear a new pesticide for federal registration. As of this year, however, the Department of the Interior has a ceiling of $3 million in appropriations for all pesticide research, and of that less than $700,000 is allotted to the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife for fish research. Several scientists have proposed that the additional needed money come not from Government funds but be raised instead by imposing a small excise tax, based on volume sold, on pesticide manufacturers. No scientist queried doubted the need for pesticides; the only question was which pesticides

continued

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will not damage the environment. At present, problems remain considerable and seemingly insoluble. There has been a great deal of talk about phasing out DDT, but DDT continues to be used on a substantial basis, and the same is true of other persistent chlorinated hydrocarbons. For instance, there has been a rapid increase in the use of two chlorinated hydrocarbons, chlordane and toxaphene, as substitutes for DDT, and both these compounds, which can be discerned in animals only after very involved laboratory testing, are starting to turn up in all sorts of places.

Not long ago Drs. Richard Schoettger and David Stalling of the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife pesticide laboratory in Columbia, Mo. began a study of still another chlorinated hydrocarbon, endrin, in fish. They planned to feed the fish food containing endrin residues of 0.1 to 0.5 ppm. They ordered their test fish, channel catfish brood stock from national hatcheries and, as a routine check, they analyzed some of these fish for endrin. To their dismay, they discovered that the catfish already contained 0.5 to 0.88 ppm of endrin, more than was to be given them in the test food. This should not be surprising. Schoettger has yet to find a commercial dry fish food for sale in the U.S. that is not contaminated by chlorinated hydrocarbons.

Besides establishing a constant monitoring program of contaminants in fish and wildlife, efforts should be made to determine harmful levels to various species. Although worrisome, DDT residues in eggs are meaningless until we know that 5.0 ppm of DDT residues in conjunction with 8.0 ppm of PCBs, or whatever the figures may be, kill off a certain percentage of the hatch, be it none, a third or 90%. Then, of course, we need to know what levels may be harmful to humans.

Writing in *Pesticides*, Dr. Robert van den Bosch of the University of California at Berkeley points out that the public good requires that salesmen for pesticide manufacturers be brought under control. "The salesman is the key to the system, for he serves as the diagnostician, therapist and pill dispenser," van den Bosch says, "and what is particularly disturbing is that he need not demonstrate technical competence to perform in this multiple capacity. In other words, the man who analyzes pest problems, recommends the chemicals to be used and effects their sale is neither required by law to demonstrate (by examination) his professional qualifications (as do medical doctors, dentists, lawyers, veterinarians, barbers, beauticians, realtors, etc.) nor is he licensed. Yet this person deals with extremely complex ecological problems and utilizes some of the most deadly and ecologically disruptive chemicals devised by science."

Instead of permitting salesmen stimulated by commissions and bonuses to sell pesticides to the ultimate user, van den Bosch proposes that they be replaced by professional pest-control advisers who would be subject to examination, licensing and a code of conduct similar to physicians. This done, van den Bosch says, "The company-affiliated salesman, with his built-in conflict of interest and sales motivation, can be phased out of pest-control advisement. Direct contact between the salesman and the lay user of insecticides can be eliminated. Just as the drug salesman deals only with the physician, not with the patient, the salesman of toxic pesticides can be required to deal only with the pest-control adviser."

Sources of harmful pollution—mercury, PCBs or pesticides—must be identified and stopped. Monitoring and source identification must also be conducted on other probable contaminants, including heat from power plants, radioactive wastes or heavy metals. Testifying last August before the U.S. Senate subcommittee on environmental pollution, Dr. Henry Schroeder of Dartmouth dealt with mercury, cadmium, lead, nickel, beryllium and antimony. "I must emphasize that environmental pollution by toxic metals is a much more serious and much more insidious problem than is pollution by organic substances, such as pesticides, weed killers, sulphur dioxide, oxides of nitrogen, carbon monoxide and other gross contaminants of air and water. . . . Most organic substances are degradable by natural processes. Once we control their use, they will leave little or no residue, but no metal is degradable. Once dug from the earth, metals stay with us and what we are now accumulating will be around as long as we are."

Government officials must enforce antipollution laws and be on guard against the spread of possible contaminants. There have been all too many instances of cover-up. Last month there was a ruckus when the Canadian government banned woodcock hunting in the province of New Brunswick because the birds were saturated with DDT. The fact is that this danger was known five years ago when Bruce Wright, director of the Northeastern Wildlife Station in Fredericton, published a paper about DDT and woodcock. Wright says he was told then that publication of his study was "not in the best interests of the province." Wright says government funds for support of the station were later cut. Last year the provincial government finally abandoned using DDT, but New Brunswick will have the legacy for years to come. Soil scientists report that DDT is at least eight inches deep in the forest floor.

Much indiscriminate pollution of U.S. waters could be stopped by enforcement of the Federal Refuse Act passed back in 1899 by Congress. This act, in part, makes it illegal "to throw, discharge, or deposit, or cause, suffer, or procure to be thrown, discharged or deposited either from or out of any ship, barge, or other floating craft of any kind, or from the shore, wharf, manufacturing establishment or mill, any refuse matter of any kind or description whatever other than that flowing from streets and sewers and passing therefrom in a liquid state, into any navigable water of the U.S."

Laws may be passed and laws may be broken. In the end, the enforcement and abatement depend upon public opinion. If one lesson is to be learned it is that we cannot release wide-ranging persistent poisons into the air or water. As Dvid wrote 2,000 years ago: "Ill habits gather by unseen degrees. As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas." END

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Grandpa Was Too Old to Race but Not to Win

Riding a lady's bicycle with a hamper on the handlebars, 66-year-old Gustav Hakansson, five times a grandfather, still beat the best young bicyclists in Sweden over 1,000 miles **by JOHN COTTRELL**

The most punishing bicycle race in Swedish history was about to end. At any moment the first cyclist would appear in sight after five days of pedaling 1,000 miles from Haparanda near the Finnish border in the north to Ystad in the south. Thousands of people were lined up along the colorful main street of Ystad on that day in July 1954. Brass bands waited for the signal to play. A welcoming committee of civic officials were ready at the finish line.

As the leading cyclist rounded the distant bend in the high street, a great roar went up and the cheering crowd surged forward into the road to greet the winner. A lithe young man in neat shorts and singlet on a sleek racing bicycle? Not a bit of it. The cyclist first over the line was an old man with a fluffy white beard that reached halfway down his chest and almost covered the figure "O" on his vest. Moreover, he was mounted on a lady's heavy-framed bicycle with a large hamper at the front and a flat tire at the rear.

The event had been heralded as the "killer race," a test of strength and human endurance that only superfit athletes could hope to survive. Yet here, winning the race, with his nearest rival 23 hours behind, was a retired truck driver turned amateur cyclist, 66 years of age, father of 10 and grandfather of five. As a result, the name Gustav Hakansson became the most celebrated in all Sweden.

Hakansson was over 60—61 in fact—when he bought his first bike and proceeded to practice long-distance riding. Back home in Gantofta, in southwest Sweden, he came to be regarded as something of an eccentric, but no one could deny his exceptional stamina, particularly after he pedaled from his home right up across the Arctic Circle into Lapland and back again—a round journey of more than 3,000 miles.

When old Gustav heard in 1951 that the Stockholm newspaper *Tidningen* was sponsoring a race from the top of the country to its southernmost point with a $1,000 prize for the winner, he promptly sent in an entry form, as did some 1,500 somewhat younger Swedes. All the entrants were told that they would have to pass a strict medical examination before they could be accepted for such a severe test of strength and stamina. This compulsory test whittled down the number of competitors to a mere 50, and Gustav was not among them—not officially at any rate. A huge crowd was gathered in Haparanda to give them a rousing sendoff. The greatest excitement of the crowd came, however, 20 seconds after the start when a lone, bearded figure in overalls shot over the line and set off in pursuit of the 50 powerful young racers. Hakansson, riding his lady's bicycle, had made his unofficial challenge.

Out on the open road, Gustav settled down to a steady pace; it was not spectacular, but Gustav, tortoiselike, knew that he could maintain it for days. After the first 50 miles he was a full 10 miles behind the leaders, who were all bunched out in the lead. After 300 miles, however, he was still cruising along at the same rate—but now 20 miles in *front*.

The old man's remarkable progress was explained by one vital difference in his racing strategy. He cheated. Unlike the other riders, he did not observe the rule by which competitors were required to stop each night at check points and restart in the morning. After an hour's rest on the first night, Gustav was back in the saddle, plodding on alone through the darkness. Still, since he was not an official entrant, one could hardly complain that he was taking an unfair advantage.

Official or not, the eyes of the whole country became focused on Gustav's progress, which was both astonishing and appealing. Could the old man maintain such a pace without reasonable sleep? Might he not collapse and even suffer irreparable damage as a result of such a strain on his heart? As the miles were covered, the race itself became of secondary interest. What mattered was Gustav. Shrewdly, the sponsoring newspaper's competitors splashed Hakansson's story and pictures all over their front pages, and the whole nation came to marvel at the gnomelike figure with the 18" beard, crouched over the handlebars of his antique lady's bicycle.

As all Sweden followed the mile-by-mile account of his journey, Gustav became a national hero. They called him *Stal Farfar* (Steel Grandpa). At every town, village and hamlet through which Gustav rode, people lined the streets to cheer him, slap his back, pelt him with flowers and present him with food. After three days he had had only five hours' sleep, but he was leading the field by more than 120 miles. At one point the police tried to persuade him to submit to a medical examination. But he only laughed—and pedaled on.

The old Steel Grandpa loved his new fame. He was so besieged by reporters seeking interviews that he set aside half an hour each day—almost as much time as he allowed himself for sleep—for press conferences. During the race his life story was told and retold in newspapers and magazines and on television.

No one really believed that the old man could keep up this killing pace, and the police feared so much for his health that they detailed a doctor and a nurse to tag along behind him in a car. But Steel Grandpa pressed on unconcernedly. By the end of the fourth day, with only seven hours' sleep since the start, he had extended his lead to more than 150 miles. The lead would have been greater still if overenthusiastic spectators had not hindered his progress.

continued



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On the fifth day, with the race building up to a climax, Hakansson was still going strong as he approached the finish. People rode out from Ystad to pace him into town on bicycles and ran along by his side in the streets. Bystanders cheered him all the way, shouting, "Keep going, Grandpa," and "Don't stop—don't sleep."

He did neither. Feeling more exhausted than ever before in his long life, he forced himself on at an average speed of 20 miles an hour. Then, a few miles from the finishing line, he suddenly braked and stepped wearily from his bike. Had he reached the limit of his endurance? The crowd thought so at first, but their faith was soon restored. Fact was, Gustav stopped to change his clothes for the grand finale. Stepping out of his overalls, he now pulled on a trim pair of black shorts and a vest embellished with a giant "O."

"I want to look like a real cyclist," the bearded wonder explained. Then, with a cheery wave to the crowd, he remounted and rode on toward the town as fast as ever.

In Ystad, tens of thousands of people who had converged on the finishing point from all over southern Sweden were waiting to give the old man a hero's welcome. Cameras were clicking every few yards along the way, flowers and confetti were floating down onto the road, voices were raised in a popular Swedish song, *Grandpa Is Dancing an Old Waltz*. Everything was set for a triumphal entry. Then—with only about 800 yards to go—Steel Grandpa suddenly came to a halt. After nearly 1,000 miles, his bike suffered its first flat tire.

Gustav dismounted, looked at the offending tire, then glanced down the road. Ahead he could see the mayor and a party of civic officials gathered to welcome him at the finishing tape. Even a man with less sense of the theatrical than Gustav could sense that this was no time to stop and fix a puncture; with a sprightly movement, the old man remounted and wobbled the last few hundred yards on the flat, crossing the line at exactly 2:15 p.m. on July 7, 1951. He had completed the 1,000-mile course in five days and five hours—almost a full day ahead of the leading official competitor.

Cheering Swedes mobbed the conquering hero, and a gigantic garland was lassoed around his neck. For a time it looked as though he would be injured in the crush, which had already caused many women to faint, but the police elbowed their way through the throng and escorted the weary cyclist away—to cell No. 1 of the local jail. There he was examined by a woman doctor who had been sent to Ystad by the Swedish Athletic Association for that specific purpose. She was astonished to find that Steel Grandpa was quite unaffected by his tremendous exertion. His pulse and blood pressure were normal; she could find nothing wrong that could not be put right by a few hours' sleep.

Of the 125 hours that it had taken him to cover the 1,000 miles, Gustav had spent only 10 sleeping. As thousands of people surrounding the Ystad police station shouted, "We want *Stal Farfar*," medical authorities tried to persuade the old man to fly to Stockholm at their expense for a more extensive physical checkup. He politely declined.

Gustav did, however, consent to go on a tour of Sweden—a VIP's tour. Theaters all over the country wanted him for personal appearances. Four days after the marathon he was taken to Stockholm and rode in triumph through the capital in an open landau. Then he was driven to the royal family's summer residence at Halsingborg to be honored by King Gustav and Queen Louise.

Since he was not an official entry, Hakansson could not qualify for the $1,000 prize offered by the *Tidningen* to the winner of the race, but his ride brought him an infinitely more handsome profit in fees for radio, theater and television appearances, and for commercial sponsorships. He received $600 a day for appearing in an ice show at Goteborg's "Coney Island," and $150 for appearing in another ice show. But the greatest pleasure for Gustav was the satisfaction that he had effectively replied to the young doctors who had suggested that he was more suited to a rocking chair than a marathon cycle race.

Even with his feat of a lifetime behind him, Hakansson did not rest. Two years later he signed up once again for the north-to-south marathon, which had become an annual event. Ironically, he had to drop out of the race after falling from his bicycle and cutting his leg. But the old man was not through yet. In 1958 Steel Grandpa, at 74, made a whole new set of headlines when he traveled from his home in Gantofta to Jerusalem on a motor scooter. END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA In a verbal war that overshadowed their opening game—the Seattle SuperSonics settled a contract dispute with star Center Bob Rule. The 6' 9" Rule, whose 24.6 points and 10.3 rebounds led the team last year, was rebuffed by management when he sought a raise from $28,500 to $75,000. Instead, Owner Sam Schulman offered $60,000 this year and $80,000 by 1973 and took the opportunity to launch a few verbal thrusts as well. "He is the only Sonic to miss a plane flight in three seasons," said Schulman, who also charged that 30% of Rule's scoring came after games had already been decided, whatever that means. Rule, after once asking to be traded and threatening to play out his option, finally came to terms that were not disclosed. On the other coast the New York Knickerbockers opened defense of their NBA title by whipping Boston and Cincinnati before losing to the Chicago Bulls 99–96. It was Chicago's first victory over New York in two years and it came on what Knick Willis Reed termed a "playground shot." Bob Weiss, who made the key basket, countered, "Just say we had incentive." Chicago did not fare as well against the Knicks' 1970 championship opponents, Los Angeles. With Jerry West scoring six points in the final 90 seconds, two on a 40-foot jumper, the Lakers won 106–102. Atlanta's Pete Maravich, who signed his contract for more than a million bucks, found some other Bucks he couldn't handle; he scored just seven points in his pro debut and helped the Hawks lose to Milwaukee 107–98 *(page 28)*.

ABA. A television contract in hand and a merger with the NBA already approved in principle, the American Basketball Association enjoyed an optimistic 1970–71 opening. The three-year-old league even trotted out a few prize rookies of its own to counter the Maravich-type *Wunderkinder* across the way. The most talked about was Ralph Simpson, who about this time last year was still anticipating his sophomore season at Michigan State. Now a Denver Rocket, Simpson quickly assumed a major scoring role, although it did not offset the absence of the league's Most Valuable Player, Spencer Haywood, whose broken finger caused him to miss the losses to Kentucky, Indiana and Utah. Indiana, one of the ABA's best teams and now stronger than ever, didn't really need its million-dollar-baby, Rick Mount. So, feeling no pressure at all, Mount made late appearances in two easy Pacer wins (against Kentucky and Dorsett and scored 22 points. The Virginia Squires' Charlie Scott began earning his fat salary in his first game. The North Carolina rookie paced a 133–116 win over Pittsburgh with 29 points.

FOOTBALL—National Conference. In the last five years the Dallas Cowboys had only twice lost a football game by more than five touchdowns and they had never lost, period, to the MINNESOTA Vikings. Both misfortunes befell them this week as the Vikings won 54–13, thanks in part to a stellar performance by Defensive Back Ed Sharockman, who scored two touchdowns on a deflected punt and an interception. While Dallas stumbled, ST. LOUIS took over the Eastern Division lead by defeating Philadelphia 35–20 behind the four-touchdown performance of MacArthur (I Shall Return) Lane. The Eagles, pro football's only winless team, led 10–0 at one point. Green Bay, which defeated San Diego 24–22 on Monday night and toasted Quarterback Bart Starr at a testimonial dinner attended by President Nixon on Friday night, was beaten by LOS ANGELES 31–21 on Sunday afternoon. John Hadl threw two scoring passes to Gary Garrison and SAN DIEGO won its first, 20–7, over Chicago. NEW ORLEANS' Bill Kilmer also passed for two touchdowns in the only period he played to clinch a 20–20 tie with SAN FRANCISCO. The second score was a 13-yarder to ex-49er Dave Parks with 42 seconds left *(page 20)*.

American Conference. DENVER and MIAMI, winners of four out of five games so far in 1970, established themselves as teams to follow in the West and East with wins this week. The Broncos broke open a close battle against Atlanta with a 51-yard field goal and a fumble recovery that set up the clinching touchdown in a 24–10 victory. The Dolphins, meanwhile, were having an easier time of it with Buffalo as Larry Csonka scored twice and Garo Yepremian kicked four field goals to lead a 33–14 triumph. BALTIMORE kept pace with Miami in a wild shootout at Shea Stadium by sending the New York Jets to their third straight loss 29–22. Although Quarterback Joe Namath set a club record with 34 completions in 62 attempts, he was also intercepted six times, Jerry Logan and Bob Grant returning two of them for touchdowns. There were fireworks in Cleveland, too, as DETROIT posted three touchdowns in 140 seconds of the first half to blow open a 17–14 game and go on to defeat the Browns 41–24. KANSAS CITY Quarterback Len Dawson returned to action after a week's absence to spark a 17-point second quarter that erased a 9–0 Cincinnati margin and permitted a 27–19 Chief win. The NEW YORK Giants recorded their first shutout victory in nine years, 16–0, spoiling Quarterback Joe Kapp's first start at Boston. Terry Bradshaw's first touchdown pass as a pro, a 67-yard bomb to Ron Shanklin, gave PITTSBURGH a sluggish 7–3 win over Houston. Oiler Quarterback Charley Johnson suffered a broken collarbone that will put him out six to eight weeks.

GOLF—TONY JACKLIN scored an eagle and a birdie on the last two holes to defeat Arnold Palmer and Ramon Sota of Spain by one stroke in Le Tournoi des Champions in Saint-Nom-la-Breteche, France *(page 60)*.

HORSE RACING—In the 1¼-mile $82,000 Champion Stakes, his final start before retiring to stud, Ninsky lost his second race after 11 consecutive victories, to 100-to-7 long-shot LORENZACCIO *(page 56)*.

Favored FORT MARCY ($3.40) won the $116,000 Man o' War stakes over a 1½-mile grass course at Belmont Park, finishing nearly two lengths ahead of Loud.

ICE HOCKEY—Les Canadiens, flashing the style that once made the Stanley Cup a Montreal Forum centerpiece, got their National Hockey League season off to a winning start. With a staunch defense that included a shutout of Buffalo by Goalie Rogatien Vachon and three consecutive games of two goals each by Yvan Cournoyer, MONTREAL zoomed to the East Division lead. The four-game showing was especially notable following the unexpected retirements of rugged John Ferguson and his roommate, Center Ralph Backstrom. BOSTON, with holdout Derek Sanderson in the fold for a reported $40,000, opened its Stanley Cup defense with three straight wins, one of them an 8–5 decision over Los Angeles that featured a three-goal hat trick by Phil Esposito. Esposito also had two assists against the two-year-old Kings. Los Angeles' northern neighbor, Oakland, predictably drew attention under new Owner Charles O. Finley, who changed the name of the Seals to the California Golden Seals. What he couldn't change was the results. The team lost four straight.

MOTOR SPORTS—CAL RAYBORN of San Diego set a land speed record of 255.373 mph for motorcycles aboard his 1,480-cc Harley Davidson at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah.

The BLUE FLAME, a rocket-propelled vehicle fueled by natural gas, bettered Craig Breedlove's land-speed record of 600.601 mph on two separate one-way trips at the Bonneville Salt Flats, but each time mechanical trouble aborted the return try required to create an official combined clocking.

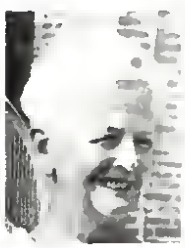
MILEPOSTS NAMED. To the board of directors of the U.S. Olympic Committee, former Yale swimmer DON SCHOLLANDER, who won four gold medals at the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo and one more in 1968 in Mexico City.

ORGANIZED. A fund to bolster the athletic program at WICHITA STATE UNIVERSITY, whose football team lost 13 members in a plane crash last month. Among the backers are the NCAA, the National Football Writers Association and the National Association of Athletic Directors.

CREDITS

16, 17—Ned Seidler. 18—Tony Tomsic (2), Ned Seidler, Bob Gomel—LIFE. 20, 21—Sheedy & Long. 22, 23—Ned Seidler. 24—Herb Scharfman. 28—Wayne Wilson from Trenton Atlantic. 38–41—Walter Iooss Jr. 42, 43—John F. Zeglio. 46—UPI. 56—Tony Triolo. 60—Gerald Cranham, Sheedy & Long. 69—Hubert le Cam from Rapho. 89—Calvin Sunday—Trenton Times (3).

FACES IN THE CROWD



MRS. ROBERTA HARPER, 76, teamed up to win the women's and mixed doubles titles of the Trenton (N.J.) Country Club and reached the semifinals of the women's singles. Her first club championship, for women's singles, was won back in 1924.



ART KENNEDY of St. Louis, piloting his McCall speed boat in excess of 95 mph, went on to capture first place honors over a field of 20 challengers, in the Class S competition of the American Power Boat Association's Governor's Cup regatta at Morris, Ill.



FRANK CONNER of Peru, Ind. established a state high school record by kicking four consecutive field goals, the two longest from 33 yards, as Oak Hill defeated North Miami 53–0 for its 14th straight win. Over two seasons Conner has made nine of 10 attempts.



SCOTT ITTERSAGEN of Flossmoor, Ill., who led his Homewood-Flossmoor High golf team to its first state championship earlier this year, won four individual state junior golf titles over the summer months, including the Illinois State Junior Open.



CINDY JOYNER of Spring Mills, Pa. has ridden her quarter horse Tobano Daisy to seven All-Around Youth Activity titles and a Reserve All-Around championship in the nine American Quarter Horse Association shows she has entered so far this year.



JON HELDER of West Ottawa High in Holland, Mich. set an Ottawa-Kent League football record by rushing for 325 yards in 21 carries in a single game. He is also a member of the 200-yard medley relay swim team that holds the state Class B record of 1:46.8.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

QUESTIONS OF CONSCIENCE

Sirs:

By announcing Chip Oliver's departure from the world of reality (*Wow, Like Let's Really Try to Win*, Oct. 12) to a world of hollow-eyed, aimless existence, you have betrayed many of us concerned parents. Athletics and especially football have taught us all at least some of the meanings of team spirit, a desire to win and an ability to lose, and yet they are now reviled by many of our misdirected youths. As, hopefully, one of the last strongholds for athletics, SI should report Oliver's sad downfall for what it is. You should not accept it in every detail but, rather, decry the fact that the times that are upon us would allow a young man with so much potential to be content with slinging imitation hamburgers for a livelihood.

JAY G. SELLE, M.D.

Cincinnati

Sirs:

I thank SI for being progressive enough to print such a controversial antifootball article, and I'd like to personally thank Chip Oliver for being a beautiful person. It takes a lot of guts to turn down all the money he was making for the difficult communal life he converted to. It's very reassuring to see that there are still people in this world who value such lofty ideals as happiness and helping others over materialistic gain. Chip Oliver has not only proven himself to be a fine football player but, more importantly, a fine human being. I only wish there were more people like him. Reading the article gave me an emotional lift.

J. ANTHONY TUHUS

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sirs:

I am a pro-Agnew fanatic, but I am not so bigoted as to completely regard Chip Oliver's feelings as some radical nonsense. In fact, I have to admit that Mr. Oliver is a very unselfish gentleman. He realizes that materialism is what is hurting many people in this country, and he has rejected this way of life even though he can afford it. But I cannot see why he quit football. Just think what he could do with his $25,000 a year! His commune may not need it, but what about the United Fund or the American Cancer Society or pollution control? No doubt these interests would welcome Oliver's $25,000, and I am pretty sure that any organization that saves lives is acceptable to any political view. Chip should be reminded that his salary at Oakland is now being used on new cars, $200 wardrobes and $70,000 houses.

Oliver could help both his cause and other people if he came back to football. Publicity is assured him because he is a performer in one of the most publicized sports ever. He would be using a good game for a great purpose. And football needs real people, actual individuals. Not just football players.

SCOTT JOHNSON

Montgomery, Ohio

Sirs:

Blaine Newnham's article on Chip Oliver clearly indicates that the former Oakland Raider linebacker really doesn't know what life and football are all about. "I'm no quitter," Oliver says, but what do you call a man considered one of the finest young prospects in pro football who quits the game in the prime of his career? Oliver also claims that the professional game "isn't as tough as the game we played in college." Yet, everyone knows that only the meanest and toughest of college performers have a chance in pro ball, and only a small minority of these players cut the mustard in the big time.

Finally, Oliver comments that the blow that convinced him to quit football was a forearm he received in the middle of his back during a Raider practice session. We are all so sorry, Chip, that you got hit while you weren't looking. What a pity! That is what football is all about, hitting and getting hit. Only the toughest survive, and it is obvious that Chip Oliver did not survive.

PERRY PEYTON

Shreveport, La.

Sirs:

I must congratulate SI for listening to Chip Oliver even though his views do not coincide with the views of the majority of athletes or, for that matter, the majority of people in this country. Thoreau once said, "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer." Maybe we all should try to listen a little more carefully. We could start by facing each other rather than the television set on Sunday afternoons.

JEFFREY A. GLINER

Bowling Green, Ohio

MARK'S MARYLAND

Sirs:

I have been waiting since *Armageddon for a Pennant Race* (Aug. 5, 1968) for another Mark Kram baseball story, and finally you have printed one—about Baltimore (*Discord Defied and Deified*, Oct. 5). It was beautiful. Thank you.

RENEE CALDERON

Tucson

Sirs:

Aside from Frank and Brooks of the Orioles, another couple that should be inseparable is Mark Kram and Baltimore. In his Oct. 5 story on the Robinsons we recognize again the familiar milieu ("Only the ordinary go the distance in Baltimore") that we first met in Kram's Oct. 10, 1966 masterpiece, *A Wink at a Homely Girl*.

Baltimore may be a singles hitter's town, but Kram certainly hits a ton in Maryland.

GEORGE A. SHEEHAN, M.D.

Red Bank, N.J.

CROSSROAD

Sirs:

Jackie Stewart's cogent editorial on racing safety ("*We Drivers Shouldn't Have to Die*," Oct. 12) comes at a time when, despite the big hullabaloo the subject has raised this year among the racing fraternity, little is yet being done. It has been a sad year for followers of the sport. Promoters, track owners and sanctioning organizations should give serious consideration to Stewart's ideas, especially concerning medical preparedness.

I also found Stewart's description of racing's most frightening corners very interesting, but Bob Peak's illustrations were fantastic!

ROBERT ENTRIKEN JR.

Salina, Kans.

Sirs:

I commend SI for its recognition of an urgent situation in motor racing. Why, however, must bloodbaths like Europe saw in 1970, Indianapolis in 1964 and Le Mans in 1955 be the motivating forces behind the public criticism that will inevitably lead to better safety measures? Unfortunately, all of the trees that may now be removed, the barriers that may be improved and the facilities that may be updated are going to leave Sachs, Clark, Bandini and Rindt just as dead.

It is worth noting that the United States Auto Club, which has generally been considered by the European contingent to be run in an archaic and conservative manner, has had no fatalities and few serious crashes in its championship division in nearly three years—more than 56 races. Yet in the midst of this welcome hiatus, USAC became even more safety conscious this past summer and simply refused to sanction races on several tracks that it deemed unsafe for competition.

Perhaps the international sanctioning body will consider doing something now that there are several conspicuous absences in the driver ranks, but what a price the sport has paid for its procrastination!

BRUCE BRUMFIEL

Columbus, Ohio

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RARE, MEDIUM OR WELL?

Sirs

Congratulations to the masked critic, Gael Greene, for her article *A Guide to All-Star Indigestion* (Oct. 12). It left me in a state of good old American nausea, but I'm afraid that as long as there are superstars, there will be superstar restaurants. So move over, Mom's apple pie, here comes the All-Star burger.

JACK PIZZOLATO

Murray Hill, N.J.

Sirs:

Too bad your sporty gourmet did not get to St. Louis. The food at Stan Musial & Biggie's is definitely digestible.

LOUIS QUINN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

You overlooked Ken Hartelson's Boston 1800 restaurant. Miss Greene should try this one for baked stuffed lobster. No "rubber chickens" served there! It rates five trophies.

PEG BRENNAN

Boston

Sirs:

Johnny Unitas' Golden Arm restaurant is at least a four-trophy place, one of the best around. The people are nice, the food's great and the prices aren't bad either. Please tell Mr. Unitas you're sorry.

RICK KAMMER

Towson, Md.

Sirs:

Despite the dumping your connoisseur of "junk food" gave Broadway Joe's, there seem to be quite a number of cars parked outside Joe's place. By the way, when is Miss Greene going to open her idea of a perfect hamburger joint?

RICK DIEFENDORF

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

Gael Greene is to be complimented on her gastronomical reviews of professional athletes' eateries. However, I would like to offer some additions and corrections. While Gino Marchetti and Alan Ameche are in fact active in managing Gino's, Inc. and are owners, they are joined by some 5,998 other owners. Gino's, Inc., with 4,749,921 shares of common stock outstanding, is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. All this did not come about "in less than a year". Gino's, Inc. began in 1960 with eight restaurants in the Baltimore area.

RICHARD W. WEST

Bay Village, Ohio

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